CLOUD-9

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NO. 4

FIRST AGAIN WITH THE FINEST!

articles

fiction

humor

girls

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CLOUD-9

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EDITOR KEVIN DUNN

PHOTO EDITOR ALAN GRANGER

ART DIRECTOR RAOUL GIORDANO

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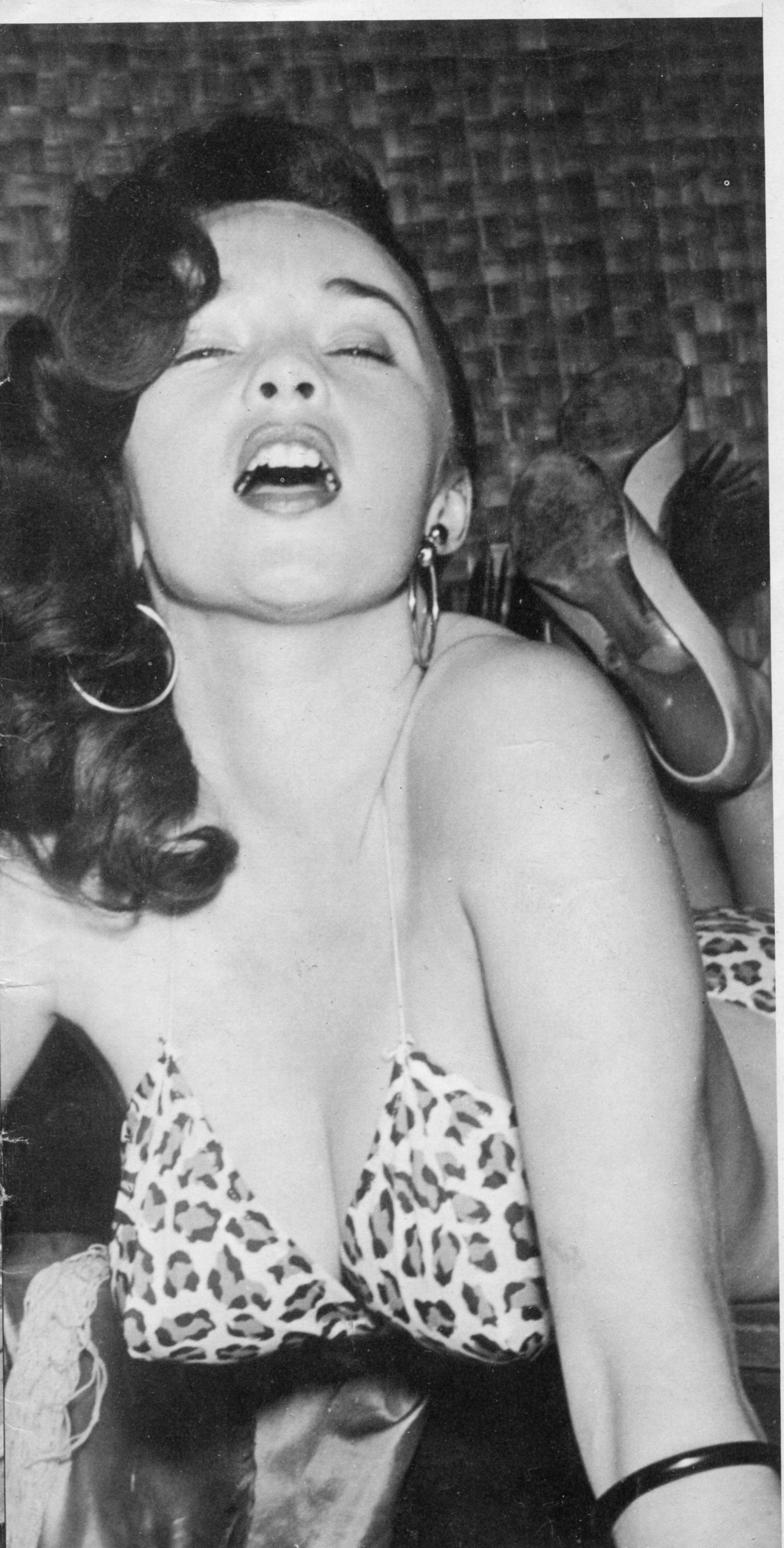


EDITORIAL

Just how high can a guy get? Some people claim pot is the only thing that'll do it, but personally, we have our doubts. But we *do* know that the gals you find in this issue of CLOUD 9 are guaranteed to turn you on like nothing else. Take, for instance the charmer on pages 32-33. Now *that's* what we call a woman! In fact, the entire 64 pages of this magazine are packed with the sort of provocative pulchritude a man needs to help him reach the highest peaks of pure pleasure.

The fiction, too, is something to scream about. Try George H. Smith's *The Beach House* as one good example.

Three young men who are fast establishing a name for themselves in the field of humor are Terence O'Corcoran, Jules Jackson and Wes Cromwell – and all three are represented here, discoursing jovially on their favorite subject, women.

Our favorite subject, too.

As you can plainly see from a cursory perusal of these pages . . .

CLOUD 9 is more than just another magazine – it's a state of mind, characterized by happiness, fulfillment, bliss, good humor, satisfaction, the works. It's a philosophy, too: a happy striving to make dreams real, to give some sort of substance to the desires and fantasies that occupy the human mind. CLOUD 9, then, is not something you read, or look at – it's something you enter into with all of your being.

But we don't have to sell you; you've been here before. You know what to expect – you know that you can expect the unexpected here on CLOUD 9. Now turn the page and enter in . . .

– The Editors

TOGETHERNESS

by
Rick Richards

e spent our
ghts in bed — but
had no way of knowing
hat Nancy did during the day!

THE RABBIT DIED. And so did something else.

That, however, was a long time after that solo Friday night when I made the scene in the little beat bistro, one of the better espresso joints in the village. I looked neither left nor right – just made my way to a small table and brooded over the thick black liquid that was placed in front of me.

My "keep it gay" convictions had lain dormant in my youth in Squaresville, O., and had only fought their way through several layers of puritanical upbringing after I had migrated to New York to get a job and "make" my way in the world.

This particular Friday night with its bongos and jazz poetry promised to be something different. It was.

I felt a hand touch me lightly on my back. The voice was soft, sweet, with the tinkle of little bells in it, yet husky, nonetheless. "The sugar . . . please."

I turned around slowly, positive that the illusion was going to be shattered on sight. I was wrong.

"Here," I said, handing her my sugar bowl, a tremor in both my hand and my voice. Then, since maintaining that twisted position I was in was both uncomfortable and ill-bred, I turned back to my coffee; taking the vision of dark shoulder-length hair, veiled brown eyes, pert upturned nose, full sensuous lips, with me. I sat staring at her for several moments and although she was once again behind me, out of my sight, my one look had made it possible for me to carry her image from where she sat to a place in front of me.

Had there been a message in her eyes, I wondered, or had I only wished it there? I asked her by mental telepathy, but got no answer. As I stared at the vision now in front of me, of this obviously non-beatnik girl who was (like myself) merely visiting this place for atmosphere, something about the picture started to bother me. Something was wrong. Some flaw in it was sticking in my subconscious like a burr.

Then it hit me. The sugar bowl. It was there on the table in my picture of her, yet she'd asked for mine. I raised my eyes to check the tables within my line of visiion. Every table had a sugar bowl except mine.

Slowly I turned back towards her. She was smiling at me. A secret smile. *Two* sugar bowls in front of her. There had been a message.

"My name's Martin Allen. My friends call me Mart."

"Mine's Nan. Nancy Albright."

I rose and taking my cup and saucer sat in the chair opposite her.

"Through with the sugar?" I asked, smiling.

"Never use it," she chuckled in answer, and I put the extra bowl back on my former table.

"Beat?" she asked with her eyebrows raised.

"Only in the sense of being tired. It's been a long week. But doesn't the Brooks Brothers suit give me away?"

"It does."

I put two cigarettes in my mouth, lit them, and handed her one. The way she wrapped her lips around it I felt hot and cold shivers run up and down my spine, and I could feel those small teeth that showed between her lips sinking into a half a dozen places on my body with the same light bite that they gave the cigarette's tip.

My memory is vague on what other inanities we might have exchanged, but I like to think that there were none. I seem to remember only unspoken words crossing the table between us, in our eyes only. And then, our coffee finished, we rose and left arm in arm. There was no coyness in her as we walked over to Washington Square Park and through the paved walks between the scant foliage there, and headed around the Arch and up Fifth Avenue in the early morning darkness.

We walked through islands of light that were provided by the city's myriad bulb-bearing staunchions, and the dimmer voids between them. A few blocks north we turned off, and not far from Fifth we entered the smallish apartment building that was my abode. We rode in silence to the fourth floor in the quiet self-service automatic elevator, down the hall and through my apartment door.

I made two Bourbon-on-the-rocks before I even hung up our coats, and she sank onto the wide davenport that was my couch and bed, with her drink. I turned the hi-fi and a dim light on, and the overhead light off, removed my tie, opened the collar of my shirt and joined her, drink in hand. By some tacit agreement we put our glasses down together and she melted into my arms.

AFTER A LONG head-swimming kiss she squirmed about unbuttoning her blouse, unzipping her skirt, kicking her shoes across the room. In a moment she was back in my arms. There was no groping, we knew where we were going – and went. It was Heaven. With all the stolen spice of Hell. And try as I may I can't remember her saying a word from "It does" at the Espresso joint, to her shuddering "Now!" on the davenport.

After a few minutes rest, a couple of cigarettes, and many sighs, we made ourselves more comfortable and I got a good, long look at the body I'd just possessed. The breasts curved up with the same pert sauciness of her nose, though I must admit I'd prefer to fondle the former. Her waist was slim, gradually sloping out into full, firm hips and then rounded thighs, well turned calves and small kiss-inviting feet. Cinderella-style. A complete woman. About nineteen, at least (I hoped).

She drew my head down, pillowing it on the breasts I'd been admiring and while she fondled my face tenderly I returned the compliment to her mammaries.

It wasn't long until the waves were beating loudly on the shore again, crashing with a sound and fury such as I'd never known before.

The sea calmed after a while and we drifted off to sleep.

The next morning after an understandably late breakfast I walked her over to her drab furnished room. No private bath, no kitchenette, no view (like mine, of an alley).

"I don't like your place," I said simply.

A bit of fire sparked her answering, "And what should I do about that?"

"Pack."

A half-hour later, her two suitcases hanging from my numbing arms, we returned to my apartment.

Saturday afternoon and evening and all day Sunday passed as had the earlier hours of Saturday morning, and if her purring noises of contentment were the result of her pleasure at my prowess, then she was no more pleased by it than I with her (and with myself). I'd never shown these signs of stamina before. I'd never had a partner like Nan before either.

THE MONTHS passed quickly after that. My work (though I arrived for it tired and bed-worn) seemed easier and went off more successfully. And at day's end I happily headed home to Nan's superb cooking (this girl cooked on *all* burners).

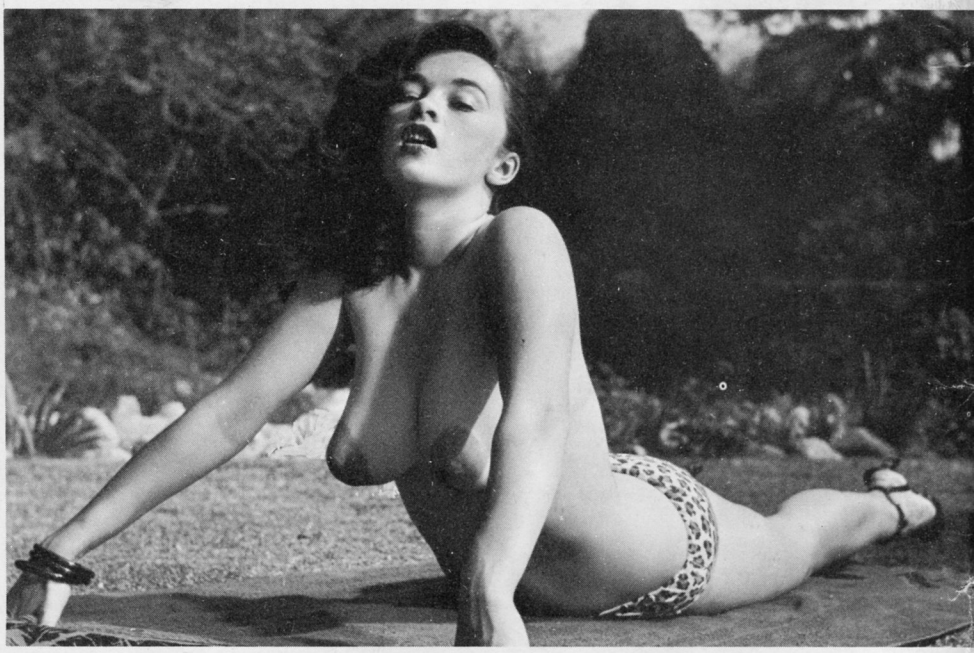
She was nineteen, taking Post

(continued on page 60)

You're strictly from nowhere if you don't have at least a *little* experience in . . .

THE ART OF KISSING

By Richard P. Rackstraw



FROM HIS EARLIEST days, man is subjected to the torture of being kissed by every female he encounters – but in the diaper stage he's too young to appreciate it. In fact, he generally is about thirteen or fourteen before he realizes that a kiss can be any fun at all.

Then, if he's lucky, he gets in on a lively game of spin-the-bottle, or a variation thereof.

The origins of kissing are hazy, at best, but an educated guess places it somewhere near the Golden Age of Greece, or maybe earlier.

There are roughly six different kinds of kiss.

First, of course, there's the standard, chaste, mouth-to-mouth, lips-closed type of kiss, generally reserved for relatives or other people you don't like very well.

Then there's the standard kiss for people you like a little better, but with whom you don't dare go all the way for fear of queering a potentially good deal. In this one, the lips are slightly parted, and the kiss is of greater duration and pressure. A slight purr, moan or animal growl deep in the throat is optional.

Kiss number three is a bit more wide open, involving just a tentative flick of the tongue against your partner's lips. This has an electrifying effect on someone who's experiencing it for the first time.

Number four is designed to separate the men from the boys, or something, but it will never separate the men from the girls. On the contrary, it is the most symbolic joining maneuver yet devised in the realm of osculation. In this one, your lips are parted, your teeth are parted, and the tongue flick turns into a wrestling match. Known as "French kiss" and "soul kiss," this version is reputed in some circles to be the epitome of kissing. Almost as many others think such intra-oral osculation is disgusting.

Next on our grand tour is the one that starts out as a kiss and ends up with overtones of vampire – with mouths clamped together, one partner draws the other's lower lip inside and bites. Ouch! Nibbling is maybe okay, but do you have to leave tooth marks, doll? Some do – and enjoy it highly. Biting the tip of your partner's tongue is also highly regarded as the essence of sophistication.

Kiss number six is reputed to have come from the Parisians, who are supposed to be the most inventive of all when it comes to what to do with your lips. Rumor has it that Frenchmen are a breed apart, being the only

race than can breathe through its ears. Whether this comes from the excessive duration of Gallic osculation or not is a moot question. Or, as a friend of ours was often wont to say, a mute question. To get back to this particular kiss, it starts in a very conventional manner, but almost immediately after mutual contact is made, your lips slide off hers and tiptoe across her cheek to a spot just under her ear. There's an important nerve center there, and the effect of torrid lips and trembling tongue on this area gives the lady a sensation not unlike skyrockets. If you wish, after a moment of concentration there, move up an inch or so and gently nibble her ear lobe.

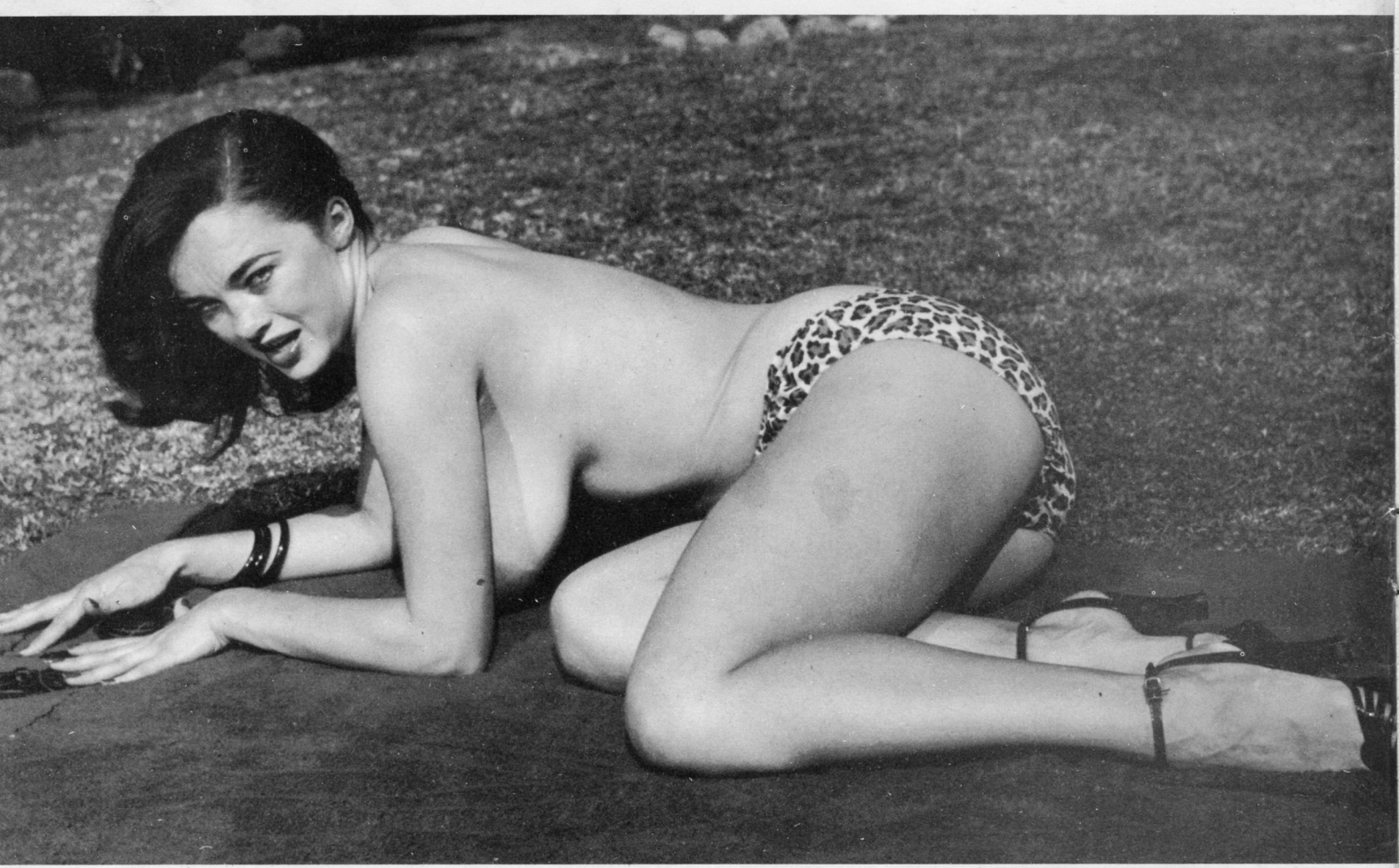
That'll give you a good start. The world's greatest lovers contend that there is no area of the body which should be off limits for kissing. Even the soles of the feet, when properly kissed, can fan the flames of love to fever pitch.

Back in the days of the big quiz shows on television (so the story goes), a contestant chose romance as his category, and was allowed to bring along an expert in his field to help him answer the more difficult questions. He selected one of the leading French matinee idols.

The emcee started off with a three-part question, beginning with: "On your honeymoon, where would be the

(Continued on next page)

Every man, at least once, gets to play a game of spin-the-bottle with a girl as beautiful as this, but girls like this insist that their guys know a little about it before they begin.



Most girls shy away from a guy who doesn't know how to kiss properly — or improperly, which can be fun, too — although some are willing to take the job of teacher.

first place you would kiss your bride?"

"On the lips," came the contestant's unhesitating reply.

"Correct. And where would the second place be?"

"On the – ah – on the cheek."

"Right again. Where next?"

The contestant thought for a moment, and then remembered his expert and called for a conference. The Frenchman shrugged his shoulders eloquently. "I cannot 'elp you, M'sieu. I 'ave already flunk ze fairst two questions."

Which, of course, illustrates that there *are* differences in national approach to this universal pastime.

Mention, we suppose, should be made of the Eskimo custom of rubbing noses instead of kissing, which leaves us rather cold – but the Eskimos have another delightful custom that makes up for any deficiency otherwise: the visitor in an Eskimo igloo is privileged to sleep with the host's wife as a matter of course.

And then, as Shelley Berman aptly points out, there are the embarrassing situations that sometimes come up while kissing – like when you've worked up to this kiss all evening and when you finally make contact it's off center. Or just as you decide to kiss her she decides to smile, which can be hell on a cold night – "Those teeth are like icebergs!"

Kissing, then, is an art – and should be diligently studied and practiced. There's nothing quite so disheartening to a guy or a girl as an inept kisser. A good place to learn is in school. We realize that for readers of this magazine, such advice may come a little late, but if you ever encounter a young friend who has yet to embark on the joys of a kissing career, and the friend has a sister, gently suggest that his sister fix him up with one of her girlfriends for some home study lessons.

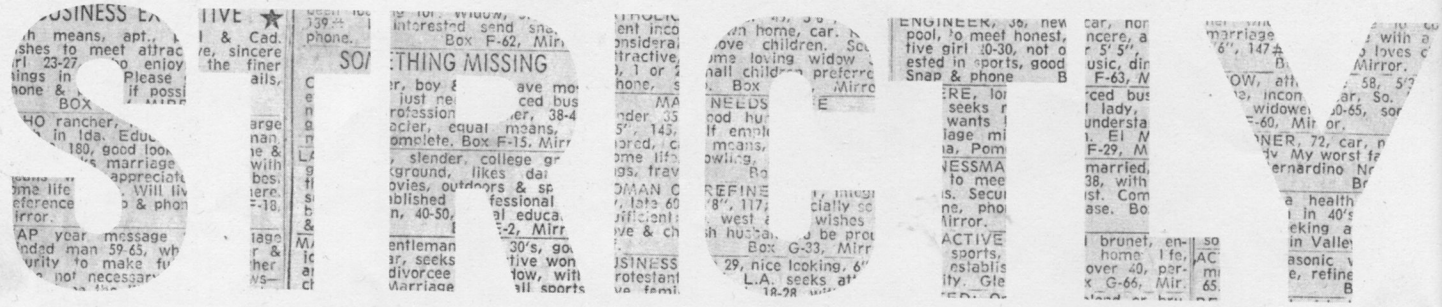
If you're looking for something different, try kissing that gal of yours while you have an ice cube in your mouth, or just after you've taken a healthy sip of hot coffee.

The possibilities are limitless.

• • •

There are several different ways to kiss a girl, and all of them are extremely pleasing to those who devote at least part of their lives to doing it and doing it exceedingly well . . . !

Kissing is an art that not only requires application and diligent study, but also calls for extended practice–as only practice makes perfect. There's trouble in store if you're too perfect, however (women being the suspicious creatures they are), but the more adventurous the man, the more willing he is to risk feminine wrath as long as he can get in those precious hours of practice.



IN THE CLASSIFIED SECTIONS of the nation's newspapers are some of the most exciting love stories of our time. A quick perusal of these pages, especially the ads placed under the "Strictly Personal" headings, is an education in itself. For instance:

> GIRL, 23, 36-22-34, blonde, with own car and small income, seeks man between 30 and 40 with bigger car and bigger income. Object: drag racing.

Obviously, it would be more interesting if we knew exactly how this bit came out. It would be pleasant to report that she found her man and they're now living in a small apartment over a garage, but we just don't know. However, it's interesting to speculate.

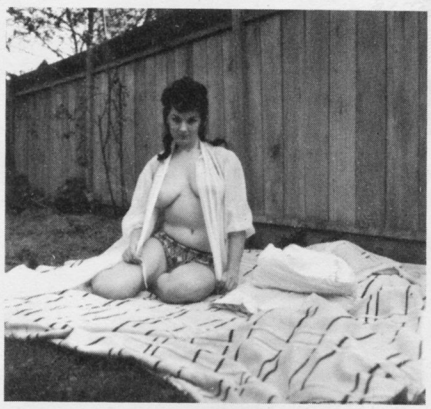
In another newspaper this ad appeared:

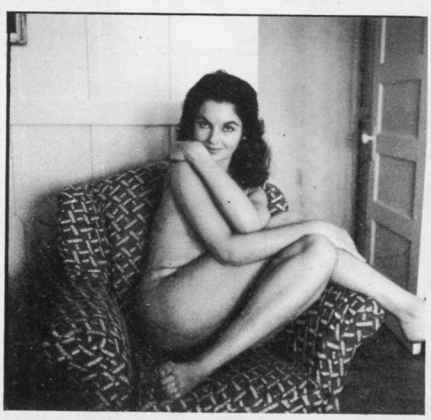
> EX-AIR FORCE Captain, handsome, talented, lazy, likes liquor, blondes and money. Age, 24; looks 45. Seeks blonde with money enough to keep both in liquor. Object: blonde, money, liquor.

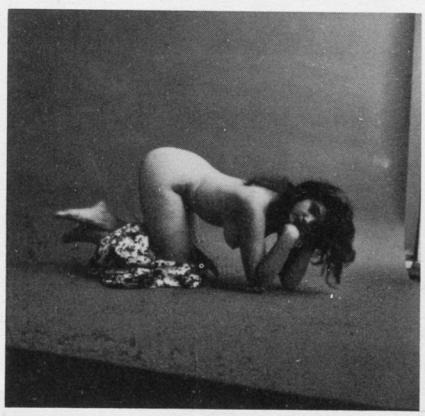
Or try the following:

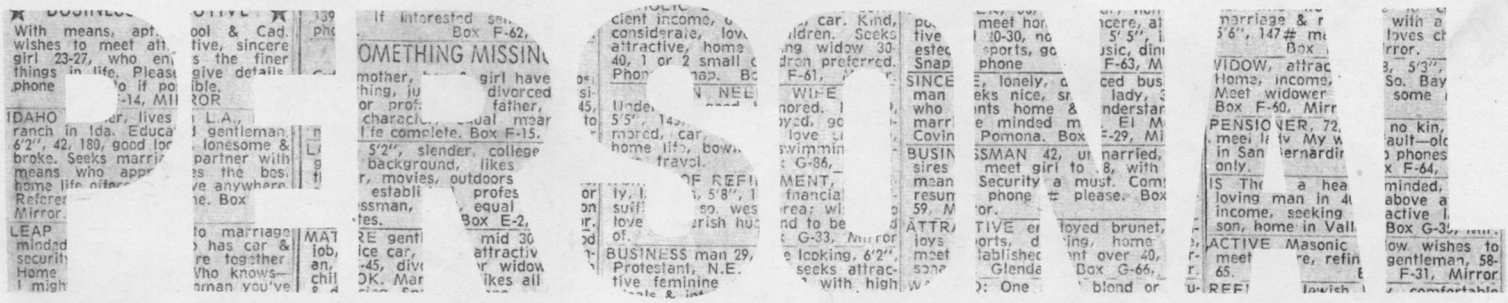
> SLIM, SVELTE brunette with convertible wishes to meet mature man of means with roomy garage.

Obviously, the lady is concerned over the welfare of her convertible. If hard pressed, however, she might settle for a car-port, as long as it was attached to a $50,000 home.

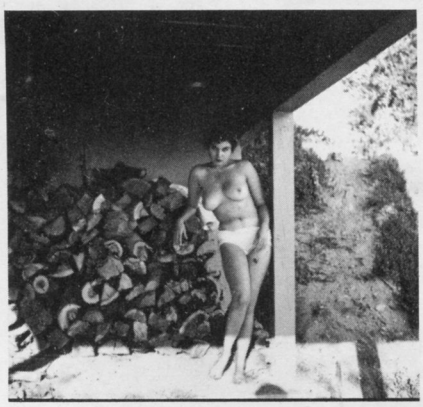








Compiled by Terence O'Corcoran



Then there are the religious ones:

> COMPANIONABLE Christian lady, 35, seeks marriage-minded Christian gentleman under 50 who doesn't smoke, drink or gamble, to share the joys and trials of life.

In short, she's looking for a meal-ticket who likes to watch television.

Often you will encounter a plaintive note, like:

> MARY H. please come home. All is forgiven. We need you. — John and the boys.

Speculation can run wild on a cryptic message like this, but the facts of the case are simple enough: John and three of his friends became somewhat miffed when they discovered their mutual mistress shacking with another man, and forthwith threw her out on the street. They have found it a bit difficult to replace her and are now ready to accept her back into the fold.

If you have the type of imagination which can penetrate the mists and see behind these advertisements, the classified pages can furnish you many happy hours of entertainment.

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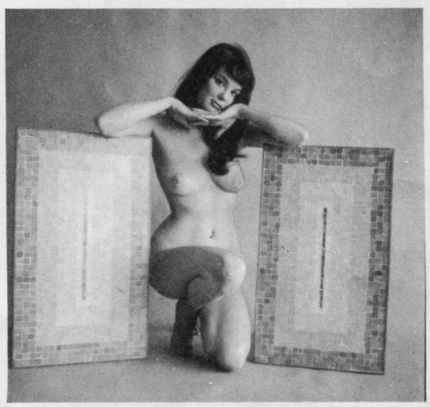

WHY DO YOU FIGHT with your WIFE

1. You don't make enough money.

2. You look as if you're cheating on her.

3. She's bored most of the time and wants some excitement.

4. You're an idiot. If you don't believe it, ask her.

5. You ignore her.

By Jules Jackson

I HAVE A BEAUTIFUL wife, a wonderful wife, warm and sweet and soft and sexy, a girl with fire in her eyes and life in her limbs, if you know what I mean. And to hear her tell it, she has the greatest husband in the world: imaginative, considerate, helpful, passionate, loyal, brave, trustworthy, kind – the works.

We fight like cats and dogs.

We have what my wife refers to as the "Dulles" marriage in the world – always on the brink of war. As usual, we had it out again last night.

Which started me to checking a few facts here and there, like: Marital squabbles consume approximately 1.2 *billion* man-hours a week in the United States. That's one billion, two hundred million. A week. One hell of a lot of shouting, screaming, pouting, dish-throwing, etc. I would imagine that enough unsolicited character analysis is swapped during these friendly free-for-alls to keep a fistful of palm readers, phrenologists and the like going for the rest of their lives.

It's a shocking situation.

But that's not all – if we are to believe the results of a survey published the other day by Dr. Harold Straussman, who is a psychologist at Fareholm College, Ind.

According to the good doctor, 83.6 percent of all domestic arguments are started by the wife, who, of course, insists that her ever-lovin' is responsible for the whole thing. What's more, 72 percent of the men and 47 percent of the women surveyed could not even recall the next day just who said what first – and almost 20 percent couldn't remember what it was that they were fighting about!

Obviously, *my* wife is not among that forgetful 20 percent. Not by a long shot. In fact, she can quote verbatim (and often does) the entire context of verbal battles we've had as long as three years ago. I'm sure she's not unique in this respect, so I'd like to ask a question: How the hell does a man keep from contradicting himself? I can't remember what I say

from one day to the next – maybe she's *inventing* those contradictory quotes!

Specific gripes that build up over a period of time cover a wide range of topics – everything from Hubby's not talking enough when he comes home from work, to neglecting to call home to tell her he'll be late. This last complaint, according to Dr. Straussman, is peculiar to salesmen and others who don't work regular hours. It's comforting to me (but not particularly helpful) to know that I'm not the *only* man in the world who unintentionally annoys hell out of his wife this way.

My wife and I, just before we were married, thought it would be great to be able to spend so much time with each other. Being a writer, I could work at home, knock off any time I wanted to, and make the entire scene one long honeymoon. Let it suffice to say that I have found it necessary to acquire an office to which I can go from nine to five each day – in order to get any writing done. The office is a good ten miles from home. Essentially, then, I have the same problems as any other married man – which again is mildly comforting but not particularly helpful.

What gets interesting is the *real reason* the women start fights with their poor defenseless spouses. Dr. Straussman blames it on the unexciting world of wives in general. And on the fact that most men give the best of themselves to their jobs, which leaves the wife nothing but left-overs.

Picture the situation: Hubby gets home from work dog-tired. All the poor slob wants to do is collapse quietly with the paper for a half hour or so while Wifey bustles about getting dinner ready.

Wifey wants to talk. Being female, she can talk three times as fast as most men, anyway, so it is only logical that *his* end of the conversation should consist of a few ill-placed grunts.

This is responsible for the often-repeated complaint that "you never talk to me." (With women, the words *usually, frequently, sometimes, often,* etc., simply do not exist. Their husbands *always* do this and *never* do that, regardless of the actual frequency of the occurrence they're bitching about.)

Other recurrent areas of dissention concern (1) money (2) other women (it's depressing how *few* American

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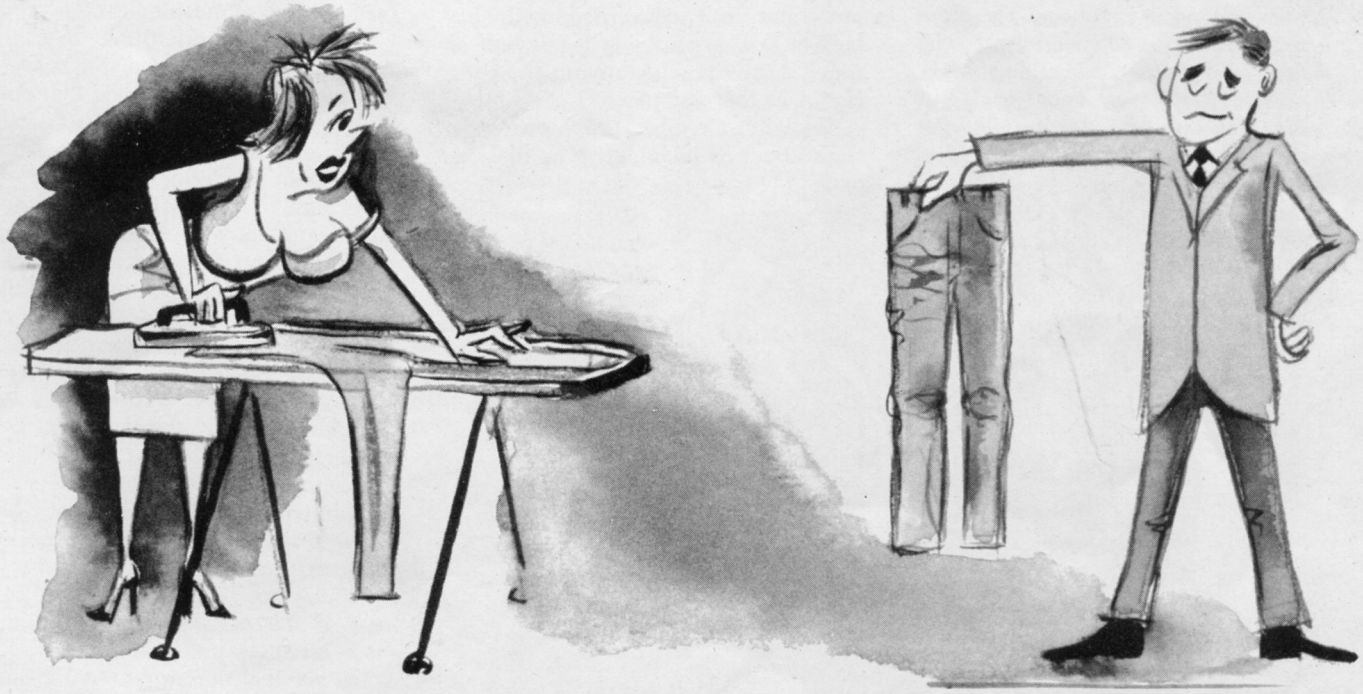

men are guilty of the charge!) (3) Hubby's personal shortcomings.

In-laws, once considered to be a prime cause of domestic disharmony, are rated seventeenth on Dr. Straussman's list of topics for heated argument. In-laws almost always get mentioned *after* the fight has started, but seldom are used as a kick-off point, TV situation comedy notwithstanding.

Money, even when you have plenty of it, is a source of constant irritation, for the simple reason that nobody ever has *plenty enough*. You want to buy a car, she wants furniture, you want to indulge in a fishing trip, she insists on going to a fashionable resort. This involves more than money – it's the inevitable clash of interests, all of which, in one way or another, involve the spending of time and/or money. Even if you are both hot-blooded to the point that you would like to spend every waking hour in bed, the issue of buying a new bed eventually comes up. Nothing in this world is free.

Somewhere, I am sure, there exists a woman who can live *within* a budget – most of the ones I know live *in spite of* their budgets.

For the man who is money-conscious (this is a healthy trait, although a bit un-American in these days of Easy Credit), a wife who likes to spend the stuff can be a pain in the posterior (where you probably carry your wallet). And for the fellow who keeps the tradesmen happy by buying everything in sight and therefore being a Good Consumer, a gal who insists on "putting something away for a rainy day" is an equal trial. But that's how we primates usually get matched up.

Other Women. This area is the one which becomes especially baffling to the average man. More often than not, if he *is* playing around, or seriously considering it, wifey doesn't suspect a thing. But let him mend his meandering ways and cleave to his one and only she immediately becomes suspicious as all hell. Particularly if he does what every woman claims she wants and brings her candy and flowers for no reason whatsoever other than a simple desire to do so.

Thats when the snit really hits the fan!

Women realize that their men are basically polygamous, and constantly imagine that Hubby is two-timing them. I think this is largely due to a subconscious realization on their parts that they *deserve* being two-timed. The few women sophisticated enough to know that a little strange stuff once in a while is good for a man don't really care, except as it hurts their pride. But by and large, the American Woman isn't half as sophisticated as she'd like us to think.

According to Dr. Straussman, *the American Woman's concept of love and marriage is an infantile fantasy.*

In spite of what the women's magazines say, adds Dr. Straussman, women are not loved merely because they wear the right brassiere, use the right brand of deodorant or fix their faces with the latest shades of powder and lipstick. Even with this last item, being a Good Consumer is all important – she isn't concerned with her lack of skill in applying it one-half as much as she is with buying the right brand in the first place.

Sexually, Dr. Straussman contends, she's about as imaginative as the Dodo bird, which for one reason or another is now extinct. There are, he adds, a few shining exceptions, but in the main, what this country needs is a system which would accomplish as much, educationally, as the pre-marital prostitution of the Ouled Nails of Algeria. Mere lack of virginity, he says, isn't enough – rupturing a membrane teaches absolutely nothing in the realm of technique. Marriage manuals help a little, he admits, but they're generally introduced far too late in the game.

Sexual ignorance, he contends, is one of the major causes of marital strife, and consequently is responsible for countless heated arguments about minor things which seem on the surface absolutely meaningless.

Lest one would think that the American Woman's sexual ignorance is responsible for everything that goes wrong with her marriage, the doctor points out that the American Husband is not much better off.

A significant portion of married Americans have their most serious altercations on a predictable monthly cycle. And it's always something the husband *did* or *didn't* do. Now, every man has his own shortcomings, and every wife learns to put up with them – most of the time. But for one week out of every four, she not only can't stomach him, literally, but she can't stomach his faults, either.

Miltown, vitamins, iron tablets, between-meal snacks and plenty of sleep can help diminish this monthly bitchiness affecting roughly 70 percent of the world's women, but the most essential prerequisite for emotional survival during her trying time is patience. On the part of her husband.

Remember, fellas, when she screams, "I want a divorce!" it's a good idea to check the calendar.

The real fault is not with marriage, Straussman contends but with society as a whole. Fortunately, he points out, we are experiencing a gradual breakdown of the "moral code" which has kept Americans from developing a healthy, well-balanced outlook on matters sexual. When this infantile code is eventually eliminated (assuming that it isn't completely supplanted by the equally infantile standards of the advertising world), we can look for a bettering of the situation.

But although sexual misunderstanding is a prime factor in marital fights, the true key to marital happiness lies in being considerate of each other's needs. Consideration is the only way to guarantee happy marriages.

Please note that we did not say "fight-free" marriages. As long as there is marriage there will be marital fights. What Dr. Straussman would like to see eliminated is the grudge fight, the battle based upon ignorance and misunderstanding, the neurotic manifestation of a shortcoming within the relationship itself.

A certain amount of fighting is good for a marriage, as every married man knows. It adds spice and contrast, and it's just that much more fun to make up afterwards.

But when marriage becomes one long battle for supremacy it's a horse of another color, and there's only one end of a horse that eats.

The marriage which is successful is one in which each partner fills the other's needs – in short, a matter of give and take, wherein if you don't take as much as you give and vice versa, there's something drastically wrong.

Some women martyr themselves by giving and giving and giving – but giving all of the wrong things because they are not really conscious of their husbands' needs. Effectively, they are not giving at all.

Some men make nervous wrecks of themselves in this same business of giving, and never really give their wives what they want. It's worse than not giving at all.

All of this is due to the ridiculous preachment that it's better to give than to receive.

Nuts! Believing in this fairy tale, says Dr. Straussman, has wrecked more potentially happy marriages than any one other factor, including mothers-in-law.

Walking hand in hand with this destructive fiction is the misconception held by millions of women that "if he loves me he'll automatically know what I want" – as if some mystical awareness suddenly descends as a normal attribute to love.

In real life it doesn't happen that way – which is why real life so often gets to be a drag.

If you've been squabbling needlessly with your wife, then, the only solution is to sit down with her and talk out your differences, find out each other's needs, and govern yourself accordingly.

Of course, it won't be easy – women being the creatures they are. She'll take everything you say personally, and cite chapter and verse of everything you've ever said to her before, showing you how what you're saying now contradicts your past statements to her, and before you know it you'll have another fight on your hands.

Women are like that. They're impossible to get along with, sometimes. But they're relatively impossible for most of us to get along without, too, so anything is worth trying.

Remember, though – before you even broach the subject – take a good look at the calendar. • • •

CLEAR TRACK TO CLOUD-9

the man who knows where he's going and wants to take his time about it goes coast-to-coast by rail – and he scores with every trip!

By Joe Toledo

NOW THAT jet airliners can span the country in four and a half hours, what was difficult to accomplish in a plane becomes downright impossible.

It is hard enough, as any seasoned traveler knows, to get well acquainted with an attractive seatmate in a normal transcontinental air trip.

Some men actually have claimed that they did make out while traveling at night but the chances are they are either liars or Victor Mature.

Cutting this travel time down to little more than a whistle and a whoosh adds still further limitations to romance in the clouds. The whole idea is absurd.

Not so on a train.

Railroads carry you from coast to coast in 3 days. They carry dining cars, bar cars, club cars, observation cars and best of all — big bouncy beds.

The woman you meet on a train trip is like the woman you meet at sea — relaxed, cut off from familiar ties and restrictions and interested in one thing only — how to pass the time in the most pleasurable possible way.

She is friendly, eager to be diverted and what is more, she is subject to the same stimulus that has been setting your blood a-tingle.

This stimulus has long been recognized by students of sex psychology and its results from the gentle, rhythmic movement of the train along its rails. Its affect on a normal healthy sex appetite is like a tangy martini before a big meal.

The smart traveler, the man who knows where he's going and doesn't want to do it in a hurry, goes coast to coast by rail.

He checks his bags through early so that he has time to watch the passengers as they go on. One, among several attractive women catches his eye.

She is young, beautiful, wearing a fur coat and carrying another coat over her arm. A porter wheels her matched luggage down the ramp and the man accompanying her gets a dutiful and dispassionate goodbye kiss.

Our traveler notes the number of her car and just manages — by chance — to catch her porter as he returns to the platform. A bill changes hands — and yes, suh? she sure is pretty.

No, suh, nobody traveling with her. Yes, suh, all the way to the coast. Yes, suh, number 42 — and be sure and have a nice trip.

He's sure he will. Locating her compartment, he goes back to his

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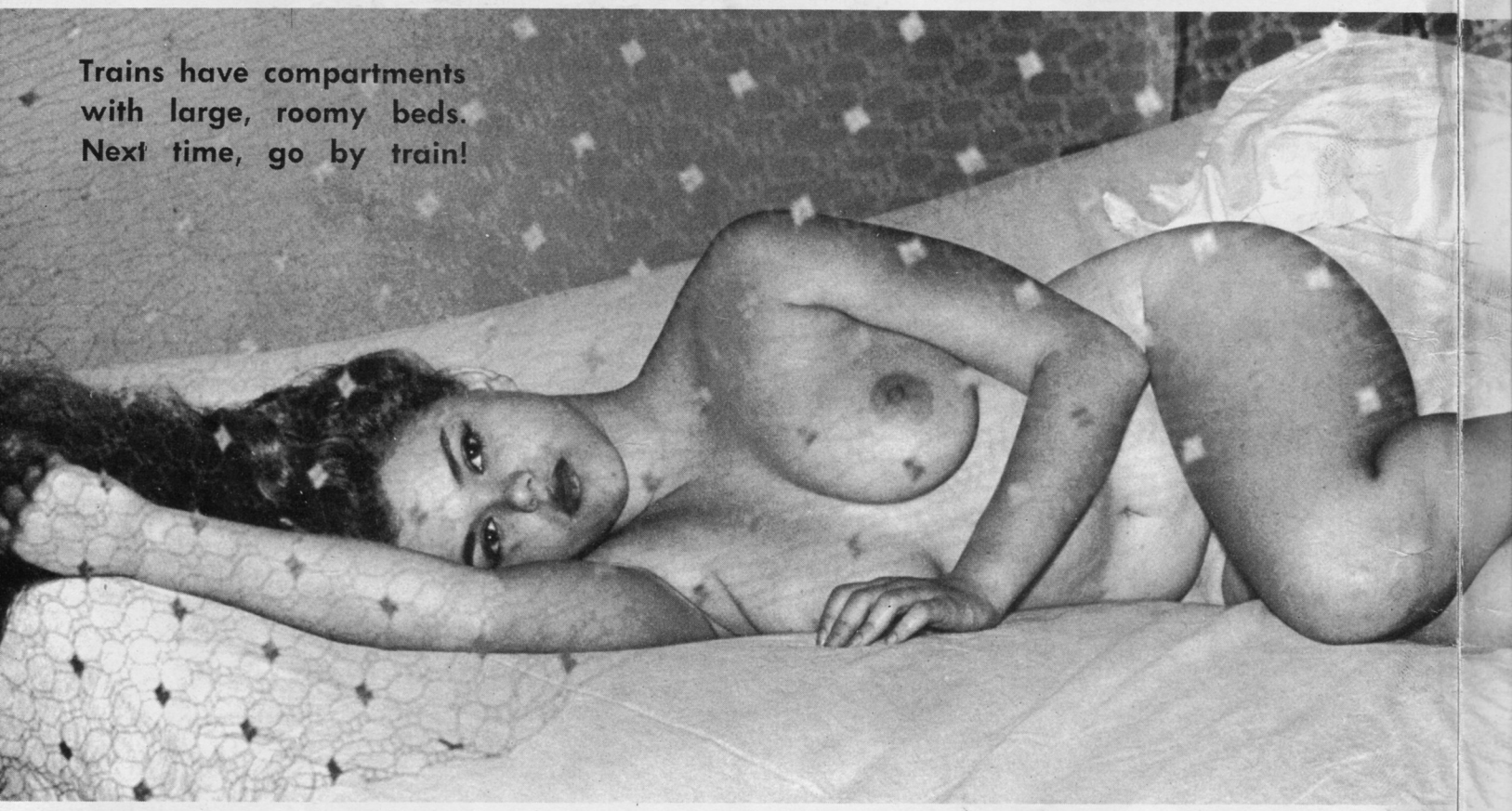


own roomette for an hour's reading or so.

By the time the train has got clear of the city she may be ready for lunch or a drink, so he saunters along to her car. Taking up a post at a window so that he can appear to be watching the scenery, and keeping a sharp watch on her door, he notices the handle turn. He starts strolling along the corridor and almost — not quite—bumps into her as she emerges from her compartment.

He smiles, she smiles. He gestures for her to precede him. He opens the door onto the vestibule and says "train travel always gives me an appetite."

"I know," she laughs, "it's only noon and I'm starved." With no difficulty at all he steers her to a table and their gay exchange begins.

It has been a long lunch with much too much to drink, but why not — there's nothing to do between here and California.

"A nap ought to do us good," he suggests, and invites her to have a cocktail with him at around five.

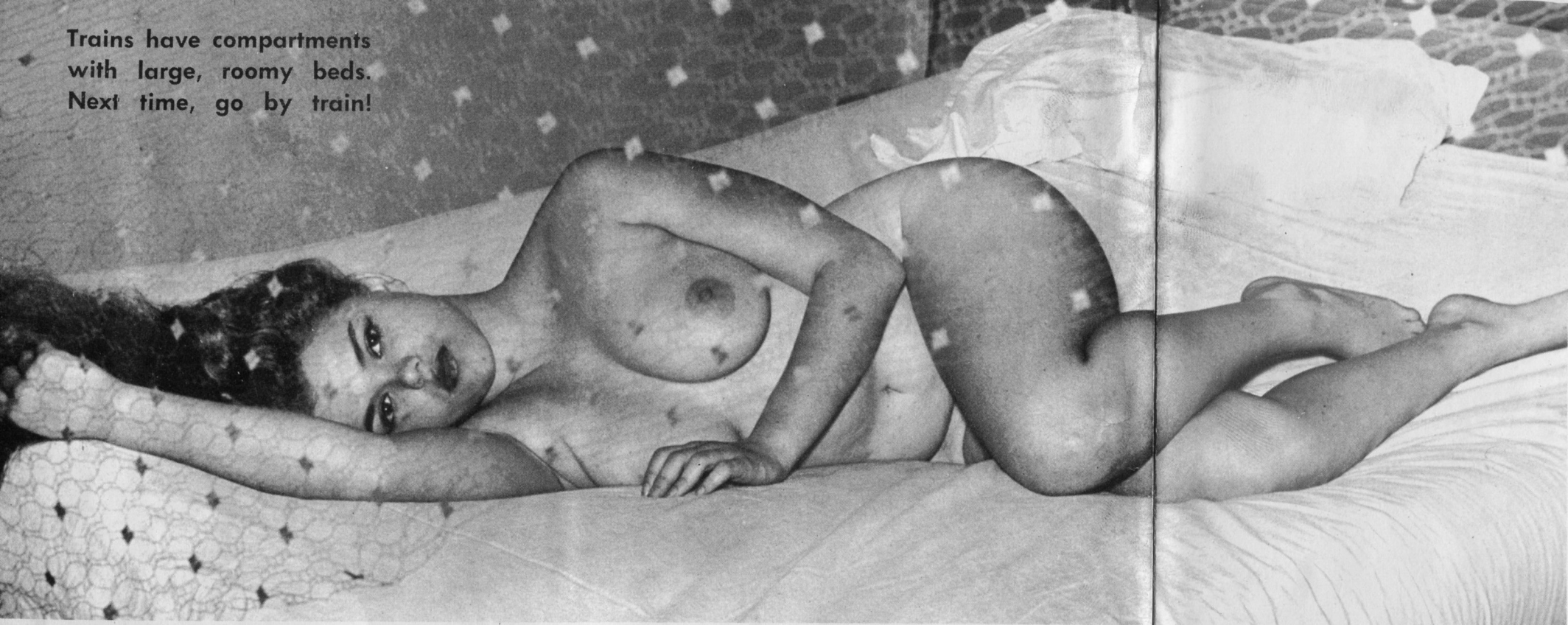
One cocktail stretches into another and the dining car is almost ready to close by the time they come waltzing in. After dinner they go back to the observation lounge for a quiet brandy and an overhead view of the stars.

"Say," he remarks, "as if the thought has just struck him, "we ought to get back to your compartment so that I can load that new Japanese camera for you. We'll be passing some mighty pretty country tomorrow morning and you won't want to miss it."

Back they go to her compartment with its attractive lights temptingly dimmed and a wide double bed with snowy sheets turned down. They sit on the bed because there is not too much room when the bed is arranged for sleeping.

"You stretch out and be comfortable," he says generously, "while I fiddle with this thing."

After a while he gets the film in


Trains have compartments
with large, roomy beds.
Next time, go by train!

place and he leans toward her to show her how it works. Their hands touch and remain stuck together, as if magnetized.

The magnetism begins to affect both of them and they draw closer together, seeking each other along their lengths.

The motion stimulus of the train provokes her desire to fever height and she arches against him like a tightly strung bow.

He switches off the bedside light and takes her once again in his arms.

All through the night the train rushes forward along slim steel rails,

sounding its lonely call at country crossings, clacking over trestles, straining up the mountain grades and racing through the valleys.

They hear none of it, see none of it, they are on a private voyage of their own. When the dawn comes, he raises a corner of a curtain and says, "Mmm, Chillicothe, Ohio — damn!"

"What is it, darling?" she asks, instantly awake.

"I just realized," he says laughing and grumbling at the same time, "I left my toothbrush back in my roomette."

"Oh, is that all," she says, "I always travel with a spare, you can use that."

"Travel with a razor too?"

"Why, of course, silly," she answers.

"Mmm, that tastes good," he says biting her ear, "let me know when we get to Denver." • • •

ONE AT A TIME PLEASE

TO KEEP TWO GIRLS HAPPY YOU'VE GOTTA KEEP 'EM APART!

TAKE TWO BEAUTIFUL GIRLS and pose them against a natural outcropping of rock and you have as pleasing a pictorial combination as we can think of. If you make one a bouncing blonde and the other a busty brunette, as CLOUD 9 photographer Hal Guthu did, there's even more to say for the combination. This principle can be carried over into everyday life, too — for what man would turn down the opportunity to have two girls as beautiful as these with which to while away the idle hours? We'll bet he wouldn't remain idle very long! It's not a good idea, though, to let either of them know that the other one exists, for women are curiously possessive when it comes to men, and a man who could corral two charmers like these would probably have each of them convinced

that he was pretty much of a prize to hang on to. Women, at least the women we know, don't like to share their men with someone else, which we realize is unsporting of them, but what can you do about it? The safest approach is to simply lead a double life, and convince each one that she is your one-and-only. It's easy — if you can wangle yourself a job which keeps you commuting from one town to another. Choice of vocation is all-important in this respect, and the young man just starting out in life should give serious consideration to these things, because in order to keep two delicious damsels happy you have to put enough miles between them so they don't get together and exchange brags about their boyfriends and find out they're talking about the same guy — you.

WHY AMERICAN

SHORTLY AFTER World War I there was a popular song which expressed a popular worry among American women. Its title, innocuously enough, was: *How You Gonna Keep Them Down on the Farm, After They've Seen Paree?* Its meaning was obvious enough – how are you going to keep them satisfied with the All-American Girl after they'd enjoyed the talents of the *Mademoiselle from Armentieres* over a weekend?

The same thing happened after World War II, only this time it was the daughter of the famous Mademoiselle who completely enchanted so many of her liberators that the girls who would never have dreamed of writing a *Dear John* began receiving *Dear Marys*. And the War Bride quotas were filled to overflowing with charming continental coquettes.

Why?

Was it, as some cynical observers contend, merely propinquity at work? Was it the old old story that absence makes the heart grow fonder – for someone else? Or did these French babes have something their American counterparts lacked?

Let's examine a French girl.

First of all, she's *all woman*. There is no doubt about that. She's *female*, and *feminine*, and proud of it. She's raised that way. One might think otherwise, because of the celebrated French permissiveness in all things sexual, but on a per capita basis there are probably fewer Lesbians in France than anywhere else on earth. Long before they can talk, French

The French girl is not only female, she's also feminine and proud of it. There's no doubt that she prefers the company of real men.

MEN PREFER FRENCH WOMEN

Today's Mademoiselle, like her mama, is trained in the arts of making her man feel ten feet tall all of the time.

By Jacques Roland

girls are *taught* to prefer the company of men.

And they are taught the many techniques involved in pleasing men. This, in effect, is the code of the French girl: Be pleasing to men.

No wonder the American GI flipped!

In the interests of strict honesty, let us admit right now that there are a few American women who know exactly how to please their men, and who do so rather consistently. But they don't do it as well as their French sisters.

By "the techniques involved in pleasing men" we don't mean bedroom techniques exclusively – it's the overall picture, the 24-hours-a-day techniques which make the French girl outshine her American counterparts – not just the boudoir specialties for which these Mademoiselles are noted.

French women are indoctrinated from earliest childhood with the philosophy that woman's most important role is to complement man, not to compete with him. She learns to know what he likes, and to give it to him as effortlessly and as gracefully as is possible. She knows he likes to be admired, and told that he's (1) wonderful (2) handsome (3) exciting (4) too good for her (5) wonderful (6) talented (7) sophisticated (8) supremely intelligent (9) wonderful (10) always right (11) brave (12) strong (13) an excellent lover (14) a fabulous husband (14) romantic and – most important of all – (15) wonderful. With these fifteen points well in mind, she succeeds in wrapping him completely around her little finger and making him love every minute of it.

The American girl, far too often, complains that her man is *none* of these things, and endlessly voices the wish that he were. In short, she accuses him of being *American,* while the French girl continually credits her man with being *French.*

Of course,the Frenchman *is* French, and the American is American. The Frenchman has the entire body of Gallic tradition to live up to, while the Average American Male is far too apt to shoulder his way through life instead of using anything like the skillful Continental approach.

There's an old adage that might well sum the situation up: *The Gentleman likes his seduction, while the He-Man prefers his rape.* Perhaps American men spend too much time trying to be He-Men.

At any rate, once the basic man-woman relationship is established, the man and the woman become each other's teachers in the game of love. Each man, in his career, knows many women, and learns something of value from each of them. Each woman, likewise, becomes well acquainted with many men, and polishes her skill in pleasing them, until by the time she's in her mid-twenties she's the most accomplished mistress a man could ask for.

(Continued on next page)

Because she knows how
to be everything he
wants her to be,
she succeeds
in wrapping
him around
her little
finger!

With this sort of training, marriage is a snap, for there is no situation for which she doesn't have a parallel reference, and some little experience in handling. By the same token, the man has lived intimately with enough different women to have acquired an exceedingly useful *savoir-faire* which keeps him from getting ulcers at home – of course, he gets ulcers in business because if he's a Frenchman he's naturally very excitable.

One further point: there aren't a hell of a lot of divorces in France, for the simple reason that everybody takes it for granted that a certain civilized amount of adultery is going to go on, and nobody gets overly concerned about it. The Frenchwoman realizes that as long as she's as competent in the arts of loving and living as her husband's mistress is (and she usually is, and usually keeps herself so, even if it means taking on occassional lovers to help her brush up on additional techniques), she'll have no trouble keeping him, as she has one added advantage which no new mistress can possess: she's lived with him longer and knows more about him. She shares with him more mutually pleasant experiences than his latest conquest even dreams of, so she quietly competes with the new girl and almost invariably wins out.

Even if it's an *old* mistress who has known the lady's husband longer than the wife has, she really has nothing to worry about. After all, he married *her* instead of the mistress, didn't he?

In the final analysis, the main reason why American men prefer French women is that the French gals have been trained in the twin virtues of patience and understanding, which, coupled with their conviction that women were created to be instruments of pleasure to their men, make the average American girl look like a rank amateur.

Is there, then, any hope for the American Girl? Well, some authorities contend that with careful brainwashing she can be improved, but the experts still insist that no matter how much she improves she can never equal the French Girl.

But it's worth a try. • • •

"Monsieur, do not forget zat you promise Fifi zat you will call her tomorrow, too."

MATERNITY
SHOP
LYONS--

SO HOW DO MINKS GET MINKS?

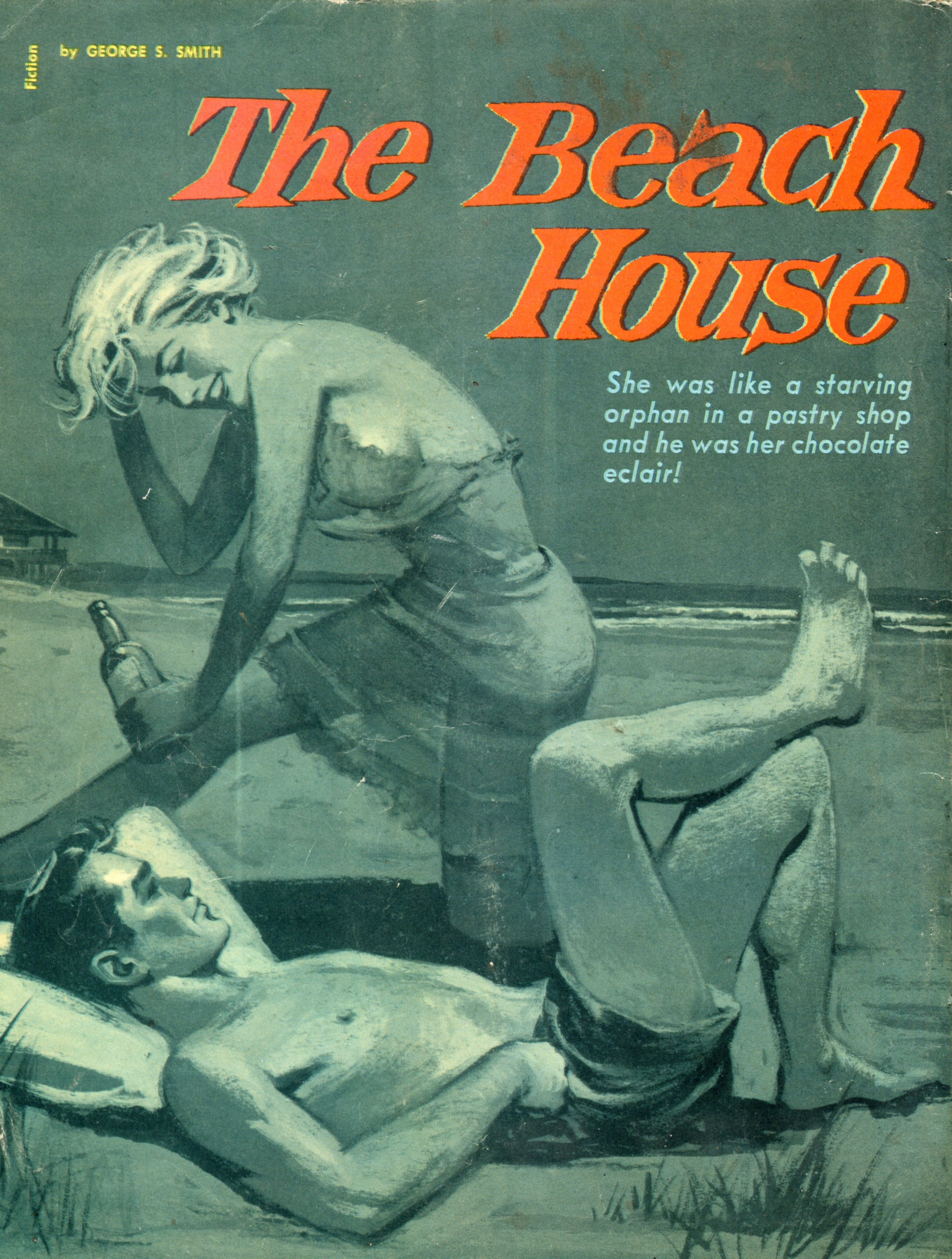
"For me? You'll give me all that? Can I have the moon tonight?"

Fiction

by GEORGE S. SMITH

The Beach House

She was like a starving orphan in a pastry shop and he was her chocolate eclair!



I DIDN'T KNOW THEIR names but I hated those bastards with the new beach house. He was some kind of a commercial artist and she was some kind of a blonde but that wasn't why I hated them. I hated them because they had built their Cape Cod split-level cottage on the only decent piece of beach for miles. The piece where I had been going to swim for the last six months when I'd worked my stomach into knots over the typewriter and needed the Pacific to help me unwind.

I sat there in my shack back in the hills that night with frustrated creativeness or some other vicious thing twisting and yanking at my guts thinking about that moonlit stretch of beach they had put the "Keep Off — Private Beach" sign on and decided to hell with it, I was going for a swim anyway. Probably they would be asleep by this time anyway.

I couldn't find the old pair of trunks I kept around for daytime swimming so I said to hell with them too and headed down toward the beach. In a few minutes I had climbed over the low stone wall that cut off the beach, skinned out of my jeans and skivvy shirt and with one glance over my shoulder to make sure the house was dark had thrown myself into the waiting arms of the sea.

It was great. It was better than anything the Swedes had ever dreamed up — that massage old mother Pacific gave me. She pummeled and kneaded me with her big white hands and rubbed me with the linament of her brine until shoulder muscles ceased being tightly coiled steel and became flesh and my stomach unsnapped like a rubber band.

Then I crawled ashore and collapsed in the warm sand just above the high water mark and lay there half asleep looking at the stars.

"Well, look at what the ocean dragged in." The cool throaty voice that interrupted my thoughts came from a female silhouette that cut off my view of Ursa Major.

I didn't say anything, I just lay there not giving a damn that she had caught me trespassing or even that I was mother naked. Anyhow I figured she wasn't seeing anything she hadn't seen before.

"Are you a merman or just someone who swam over from Catalina?" she asked. I could see in what light there was that she was blonde and that she had the sort of body bikinis were made for but right now she was wearing a shorty nightown instead and maybe that was made for her sort of body too.

"I'm a Russian spy . . . I just swam in from a submarine to blow up Chavez Ravine," I said.

"My . . . my, I really don't see where you're hiding your A-Bomb," she said.

"If you don't see it, it isn't from lack of looking," I said, nastily enough to show her that I didn't like her for hell.

"You might at least be polite seeing that I've caught you trespassing." She swayed slightly in a way that made me realize that she was tight.

"So what are you going to do, call the cops?" I said, sitting up and reaching for my jeans.

"I might . . . I just might do that," she said. "If a person can't take a walk on their own beach without some slob of a beach bum insulting them maybe it's time to call the cops." She leaned closer so that I could see the mounds of her breasts almost falling out of the shorties and smell the acrid odor of too many drinks on her breath.

"Go ahead and call them," I said, as casually as I could manage.

"Or maybe I won't . . . maybe I'll just scream and wake up my husband and our guests and tell them that a naked man grabbed me on the beach and tried to rape me." Her voice was tense and mean now and she was leaning closer to look at me in the moonlight.

A kind of shiver ran up my spine like the ones I had felt in Korea when I was belly down in the mud and the big stuff was passing over.

"Look . . . look," I said, "you . . . wouldn't want to do that."

"Wouldn't I?" She sounded less tight now but a lot meaner.

"Look — if I just put on my clothes and get the hell out of here would you just forget about it and not do any yelling?"

"If you try to put your clothes on and get the hell out I'll really do some yelling!" she said.

"Then . . . what . . ?"

"The only way you could keep me from screaming my head of would be if you really did rape me."

"Hey . . . you've got a husband!"

"Sleeping off too many drinks just like he always is when I need it so bad I could run out into the street and grab the first thing in pants that goes by."

"Look . . . I know how you feel but . . ."

"You gonna start grabbing or am I gonna start screaming?"

I grabbed her, I pulled her down with me and started kissing her and ripping away the gossamer of the nightgown with hands and teeth.

She was insatiable . . . she was like one of Dickens' starving orphans turned loose in a pastry shop after being told he could have all he could eat in two hours.

Afterwards she just sort of clung to me with small strong hands and sobbed. "Thank you . . . thank you . . . you don't know how much it meant . . . you don't know how much."

"I've got to be going," I said, disengaging her hands. "I've got to get back to work."

"You'll come back?"

"Well, I don't . . ."

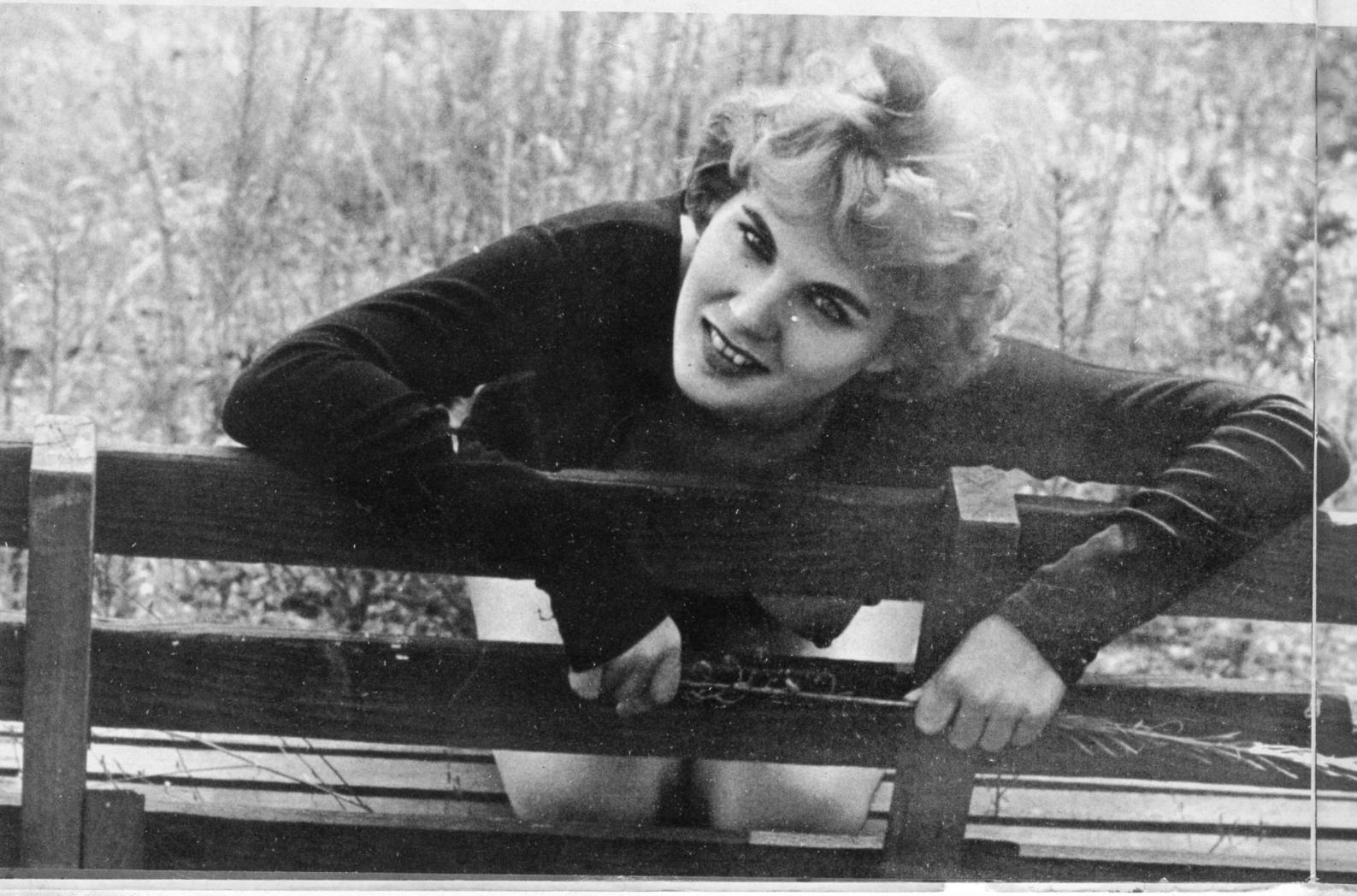
"You like the ocean . . . come back often, come back and swim any night you want . . . after he goes to bed."

"Thanks," I said and got out of there feeling like I'd been in a Turkish bath too long.

I still don't know their names but I don't hate the people with the beach house any more. But I don't go swimming there anymore either . . . somehow being a pastry shop to a starving orphan isn't my idea of something to do. • • •

EENY MEENY MINEY MOE

READY FOR A NEW MISTRESS? CHOOSE HER WITH CARE-YOU MAY WIND UP WITH MORE ON YOUR HANDS THAN YOU CAN COPE WITH!



By Richard Kent

SOMEONE ONCE SAID that the only thing you can count on to remain the same is *change*. And we Americans change everything with startling regularity. We change jobs on the average of once every two-and-a-half years. We change cars every three years. We change addresses every two years. Medically, we change every cell in our bodies every seven years.

The most difficult change, of course, is changing women. On a national average, we swap wives, girlfriends and/or mistresses every three-and-a-half years. This is risky business, for the evil we know is less fearful than the evil we may run across.

This is not to say that there's anything particularly evil about women

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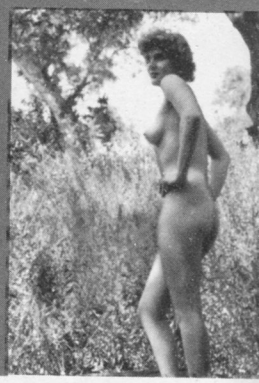
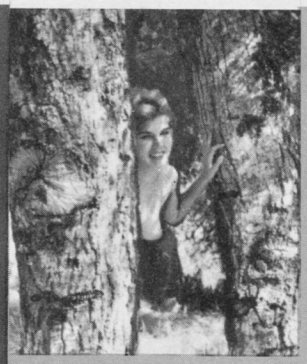


She's the ideal woman for someone — warm, affectionate, fun loving, always ready to try something new — like a new mink coat, a new diamond bracelet, a new convertible . . . !



in general (we'll save that for another article), but your present flame is just a little too much of what you're used to — so you gaze around in search of greener pastures.

There are always quite a few who qualify as potential playmates; your job is to winnow and choose, getting the most for the least, so to speak. We'll consider six types this time around.

1. *Miss Gregg.* She's a whiz at shorthand, typing, filing, etc. Five-two, eyes of blue — and all the trimmings. Actually, you're the guy this cutie'll be trimming. She believes what she reads, and she reads magazines which outline the proper procedures for modern courtship: *i.e.*: *gifts.* Stuff like hi-fi stereo, mink coats ("down to *there*"), Caddie convertibles, diamond bracelets, etc. On top of this, she expects you to take her to eateries on a par with Romanoff's or Perino's in Hollywood, the Pump Room at Chicago's Ambassador East or Antoine's in New Orleans. These are obviously the only places wherein to court a girl.

She personally may have a beer budget but *yours* had better include champagne. With enough of this expensive treatment she *may* consent to sharing your bed, although as far as she's concerned it isn't really necessary.

2. *Sarah Bernhart.* She's stage-struck, always hungry and always broke. She may even have some acting talent. She's perpetually broke because she spends every dime that comes her way on clothes with which to impress agents, producers and cast-

(Continued on next page)

ing directors. She's eager to share your bed (and board!) as long as you'll assist in replenishing her wardrobe, buying greasepaint, costumes, cars, liquor and exotic foods like sliced octopus and marinated rattlesnake.

She needs the whole *schmeer* to impress all the important people who will be dropping in from time to time. All in the interests of her career, you understand. You don't really mind letting her have your apartment all to herself over an occasional weekend, now do you?

With all of this practice, of course, she *is* pretty good in bed, so it might be worth your while. Also, you'll meet all of the interesting people she knows – other down-and-out actors, second assistant directors, grips, prop men, etc.

3. *Beatnik Baby.* This is the fairly new type of gal-about-town, and an easy mark. No sweat, no fuss, no bother, no messy courtship. All you need is a pad, man. She probably won't even ask your first name (or even care if you have one!) as long as you have that pad, man, where she can like sack out, rent free. Crazy! She might think you're a bit kookie if you insist that she comb her hair or bathe more than once a week or learn to cook. She'd be right, of course. (Women always are, didn't you know?) Combing that long shaggy mane would be time-consuming and might even drive her to playing her bongos during the daylight hours, Zen forbid.

Bathing's unhealthy, too, as Brando and Kerouac can prove. If she learned to cook, there'd be no reason to go to coffee houses and listen to those far-out poets like Allan Ginsberg. You wouldn't like that to happen to a girl like her, like, would you?

Imagine – no Zen, no Ginsberg, no Kerouac. No pad's worth it.

4. *Then there's the Girl Next Door.* Combed, trim and tidy, she's never heard of Zen. She works during the day and she goes to bed at a fairly decent hour. You have reason to believe she's no fly-by-night, either – since she broke up with the boyfriend she's only had one or two guests who stayed for breakfast.

You bump into her in the hall or, even simpler, just ring her door bell, introduce yourself and invite her out to dinner. The worse she can say is *no*, and the odds are with you that she'll say *yes*. Take her to a place

where the food is good (don't forget the corsage!), but not overly expensive. Dine her, wine her, and above all, pour on the romance. She'll agree to everything you say, and soon you'll be having breakfast at her place seven mornings a week.

In fact, you'll discover that she's the perfect yes-woman – up to the point where *you* find yourself saying "yes" in front of a minister.

5. *The Intellectual.* To this one, men are a necessary evil. Actually, she's much happier reading, studying or being wrapped up in her art. (Unlike the others, she really reads.) She is the only person you've ever met who can understand Jack Kerouac *and* James Joyce. She will dazzle you with intelligent, sparkling conversation on any topic you like to discuss. Especially food. She's so well-read in this department that she can't dine at just any old place, only the food-factories suited to gourmets will do. Duncan Hines is an unskilled moron with a jaded palate by comparison. In fact, this doll is an authority on *everything*, and if you can ever prove her wrong about just one thing, you will be able to get rid of her.

6. *The Boss' Daughter.* This one has really been bugging you, no? The tall, cool one with the mink coat which she pulls along the floor behind her. The one with the clothes by Balenciaga and jewels by Cartier. Impossible? Untouchable? Hell no!

She's a lead pipe cinch.

She's already got her diamonds, minks, cars, etc. She doesn't even want Allan Ginsberg for a present. Send her a small bunch of violets every other day. Even daisies or daffodils will do in a pinch. She'll be tickled pink that you think her unspoiled enough to appreciate the simpler things. Take her to a crowded beach for a swim or to a jam-packed football game. A simple, unpretentious dance hall can do the trick, too. Hot dogs, hamburgers, spaghetti and fried chicken at a drive-in are nectar and ambrosia to her, as they're a refreshing change from her steady diet of filet mignon, pheasant under glass, etc.

Very small expenses, lots of fun, small presents, much time in the sack – the rewards are well worth it. Who knows, when the spark dies out you may wind up with a Rolls-Royce as a farewell gift . . . with "Au Revoir, Cheri," painted upon the door.

• • •

TAKE FIVE

ON NINE

You've heard about Alec, haven't you? That's right, Alec Trishian. Whenever he saw a woman he could not resistor. He took a girl out and they got insulator whole family was asleep. They say he Edison out of wedlock, but he won't admit it. The other night he was fluxing around at Westinghouse with a hundred broads . . .

(A hundred watt, bulb?)

A hundred broads — antenna the other kind. Alec liked to switch off just to keep his radioactive. Anyway, General Electric came by and put Alec in a cell. Kinda dry in there, so while eating his Marconi and cheese he wrote the famous tune, *You Gotta Accentuate the Positive and Illuminate the Negative.* It really turned him on. He tried to plug it but the band didn't have any beat. He told the bandleader (a guy named Fried Wiring) to socket and got the reply, "Watts da Mazda wit you, bulb? Wire current juice say so in the fuze place?"

Then Alec got mad and went Ohm on a streetcar. The conductor had to collect a Faraday.

About the same time, General Motors was running for Governor, but he didn't get enough volts. He failed to ampere for a speech. It was quite a shock.

That's all — there ain't no mho.

* * *

A girl can consider herself a failure if she knows all the answers but nobody ever asks her the questions.

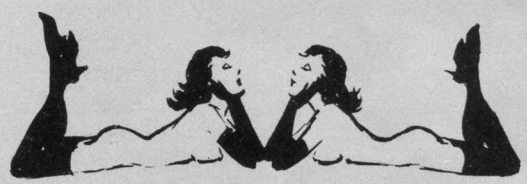
* * *

In some marriages, the husband leads a dog's life. Actually, it isn't so bad living in the doghouse as long as you can get your tail outside.

Mrs. VanAsterbilt's maid claimed she was so sick she couldn't get out of bed, and the family doctor was called quickly. When the dowager left him alone to examine the maid, the shapely girl confessed that she wasn't sick at all. "Mrs. V. owes me two months back pay and I'm not going to get out of bed until she pays me!"

A gleam appeared in the doctor's eye. "She still owes me for my last six house calls," he announced. "Move over."

Butt . . .



Mrs. Garfinkel woke her long-suffering husband up at three o'clock the other morning to complain that he no longer made passionate love to her like he did when they were married thirty years ago. "Please, Sophie," he said groggily, "let me get some sleep. I got a hard day in front of me."

"You used to be so romantic," she continued. "A regular lion in bed! You used to bite me on the ear, the cheek, the neck. . . . Why aren't you doing it any more?"

"Sophie," he said wearily, "such a thing is for honeymooners, not for old folks like us. Now let's get some sleep?"

"Just once," she pleaded. "Just once you should bite me like you did thirty years ago."

"All right," he agreed, now fully awake. "Go in the bathroom and get me my teeth."

* * *

We knew a young lady named Smith
Whose virtue was largely a myth—
She said, "Try as I can
I can't find a man
Whom it's fun to be virtuous with."

By John W. Gardner

THERE MUST BE a good reason why so many men nowadays are growing beards, we reasoned, so we decided to find out why. The first thing we discovered is that you don't just step up to a bearded man and ask him why he grew it. To show you what we mean, here are the first five answers we got to that question:

1. *"So people like you would ask me why I grew it."*
2. *"To keep my chin from getting cold."*
3. *"I think shaving is a drag."*
4. *"My name is Abraham Lincoln."*
5. *"Like, man, it helps – you know what I mean?"*

No, you just don't ask questions like that. But if you preface your inquiry with something diplomatic, such as: "Say, that's a fabulous beard. I wish I could grow one. Why did you start yours?" – then, maybe, you'll get straight answers. And the answers almost always concern women.

Women, we discovered, are nuts about beards – and the men who wear them know this. Now there are statisticians in the crowd who contend that it is never necessary for a man to grow a beard in order to attract members of the opposite sex, because there are more women than there are men anyway.

The beard-wearers counter that attracting members of the opposite sex is not the point – what they're after is *certain* members. Like the cream of the crop.

A good beard is something like the plumage on a peacock. It attracts the eye of the female and also gets the first part of the message across. The female who's ready responds like crazy.

As one beardnik who had devoted several years of his life to the advertising game put it: "It's the old AIDA formula in action. Attention, Interest, Desire, Action. The beard attracts their Attention. There's something mysterious about a man with a beard, and women love mysteries – so you've got their Interest right off the bat. After that, it's the combination of beard *and* man that kindles their Desire."

"But where does the Action come in?" we asked.

"Up in my apartment."

When we asked a statistical sampling of beautiful girls (that's one of the advantages of working closely with this sort of a magazine) what they thought of beards, their replies were equally revealing. Most women, we found, harbor a secret ambition to be made love to by a man with a beard. Since we live in an age of

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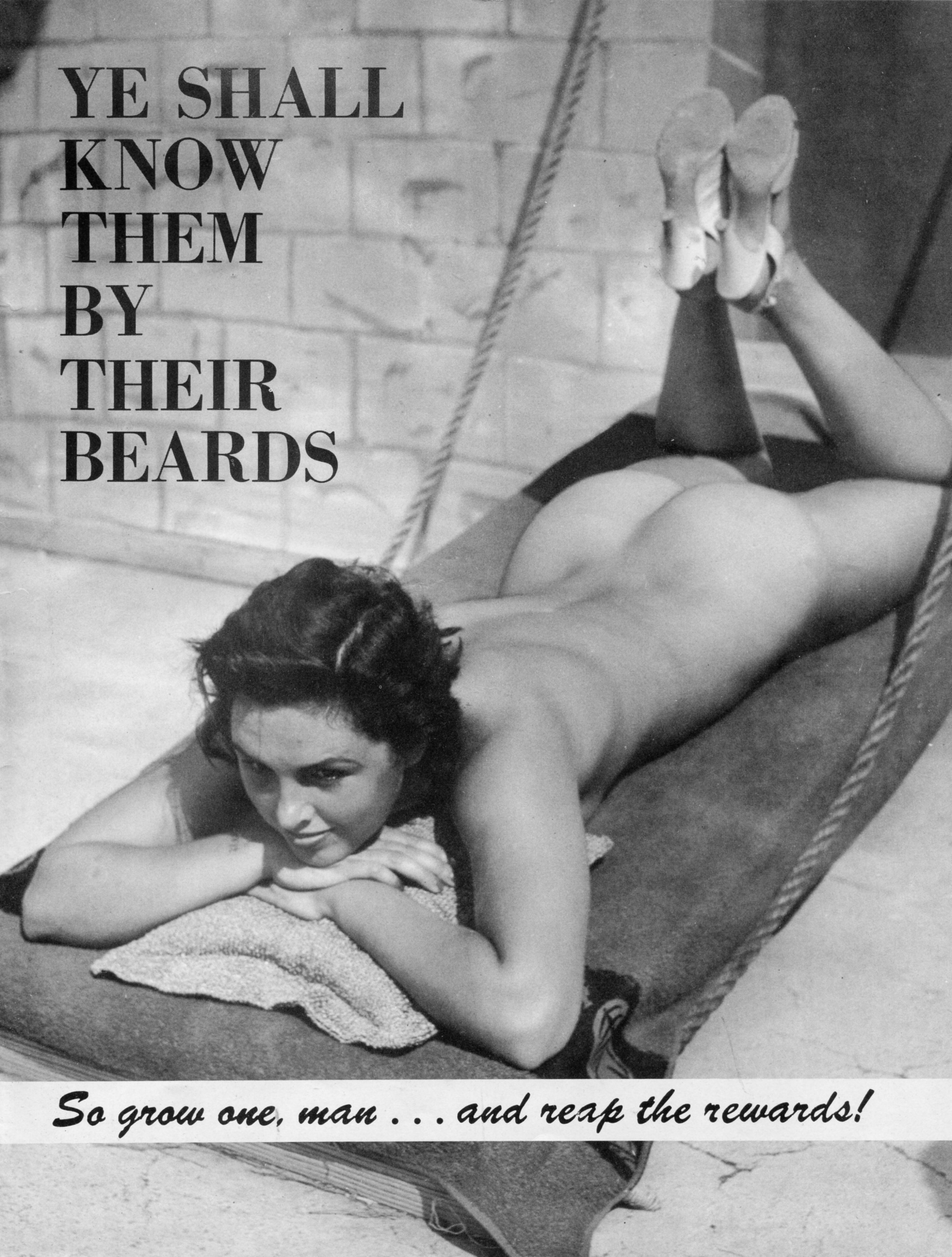
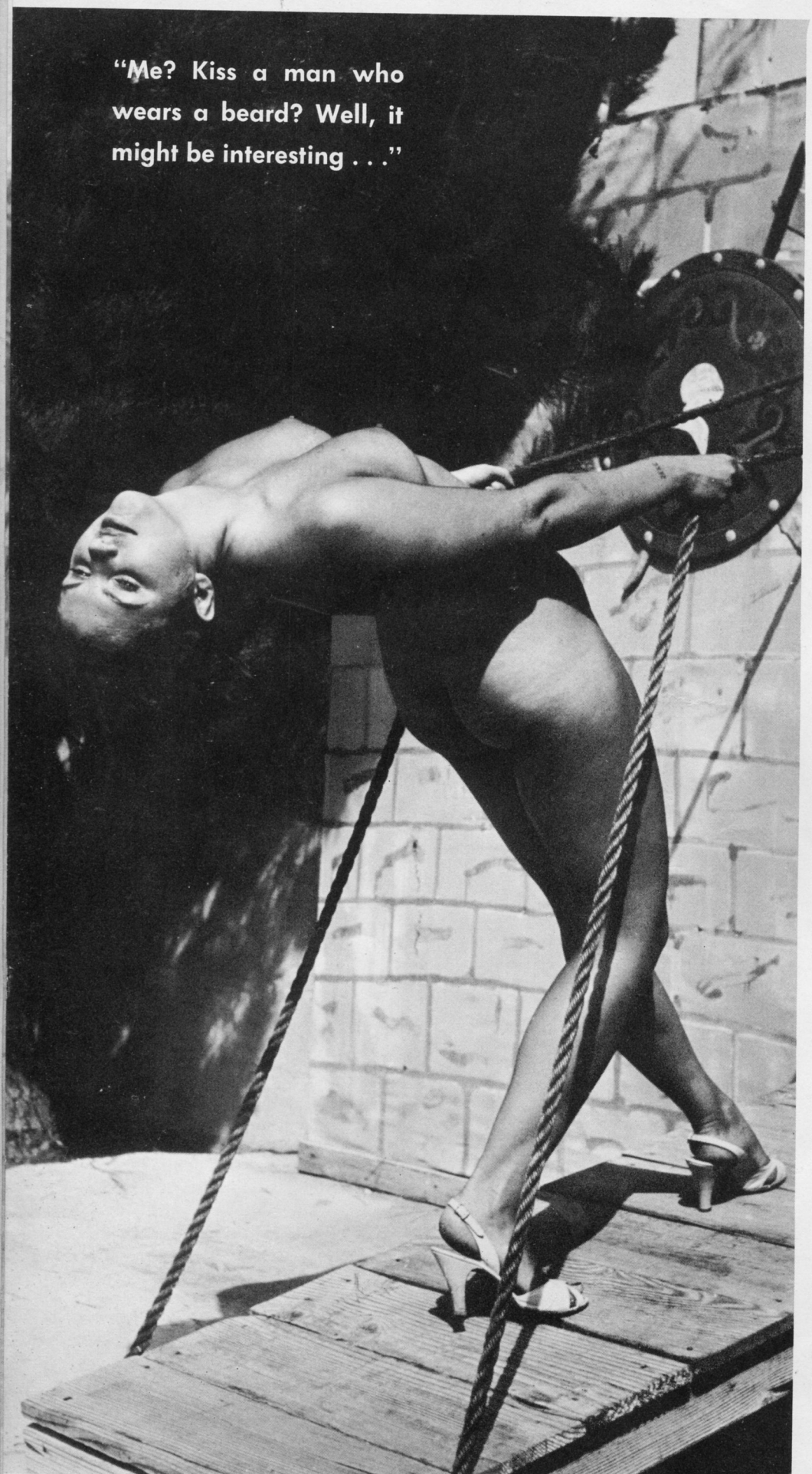

YE SHALL KNOW THEM BY THEIR BEARDS
So grow one, man . . . and reap the rewards!



symbolism, we suspect that this desire can be roughly translated as a deep-set yearning to be loved by a competent lover – and the bearded man automatically *looks* like a competent lover.

Oddly enough, most men with beards *are* quite capable in bed. Perhaps it's because, in the main, the man who's daring enough to cultivate hirsute adornment is also daring enough to learn more than the basic fundamentals of bedroom procedure. Or maybe it's a psychological factor wherein a man with a beard feels honor-bound to live up to the superior reputation associated with men with beards.

At any rate, most women are under the impression that the bearded man can give a girl more pleasure all the way around than can his clean-shaven brothers. Now we're the first to admit that there are a hell of a lot of clean-shaven men who can run a three-ring circus in milady's boudoir, but of late a few bare-faced clods have besmirched the reputation of the whole group to the point where a clean-shaven Romeo has to *prove* he's good while the bearded man's credentials jut out from his chin.

It is, of course, most unfortunate that this should be the case, but that is how matters stand.

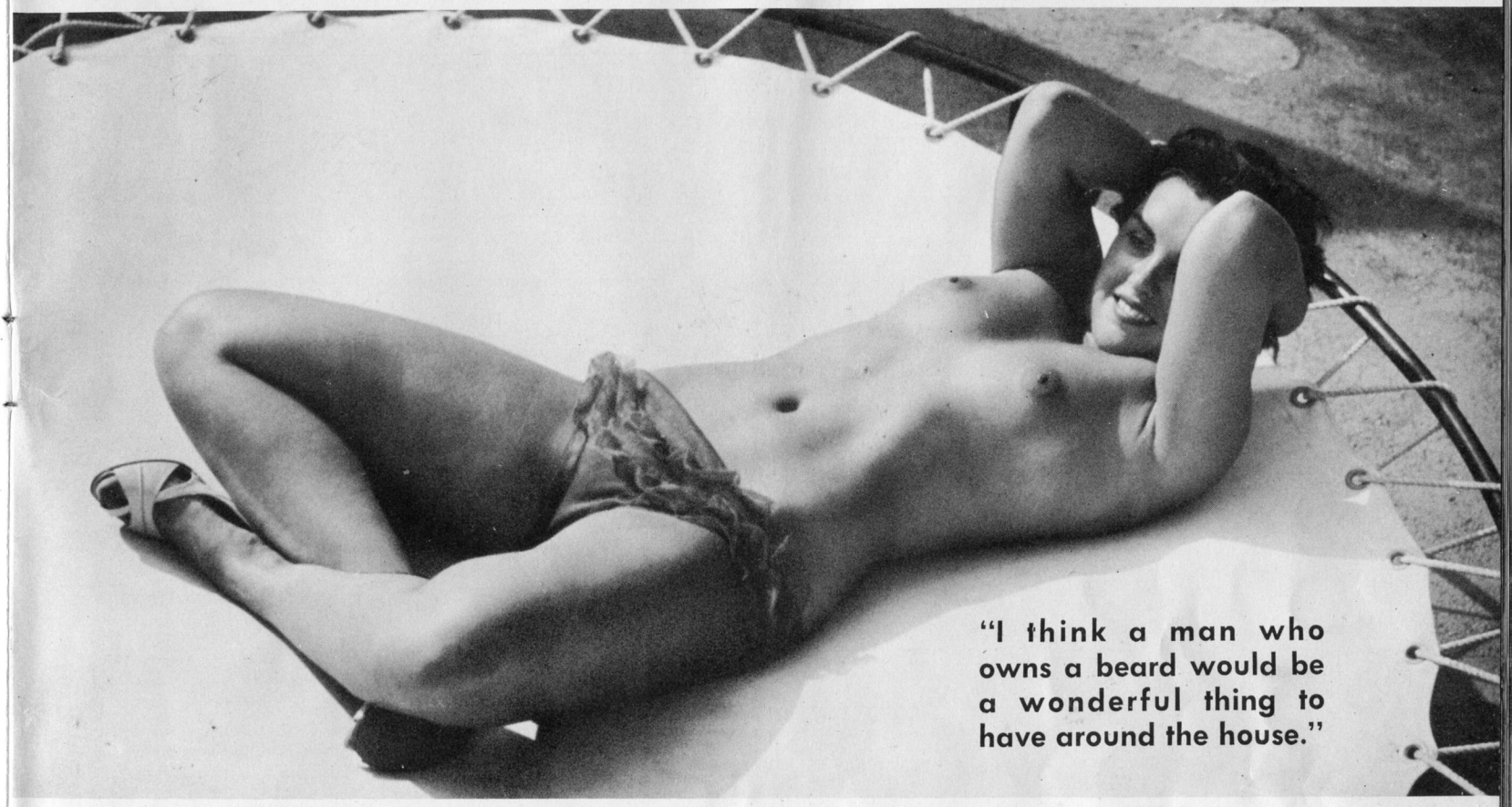
Women like beards for another reason too – because they're naturally curious. They wonder what it would be like to be kissed by a beard. They wonder what strange sensations would be evoked within them if a silk-soft beard were to be tickling the instep of their necks. Or somewhere else equally as sensitive, like the curvaceous cleft between their breasts, perhaps.

And then actually confronted by a man with a beard, this generalized curiosity is transformed into specific desire.

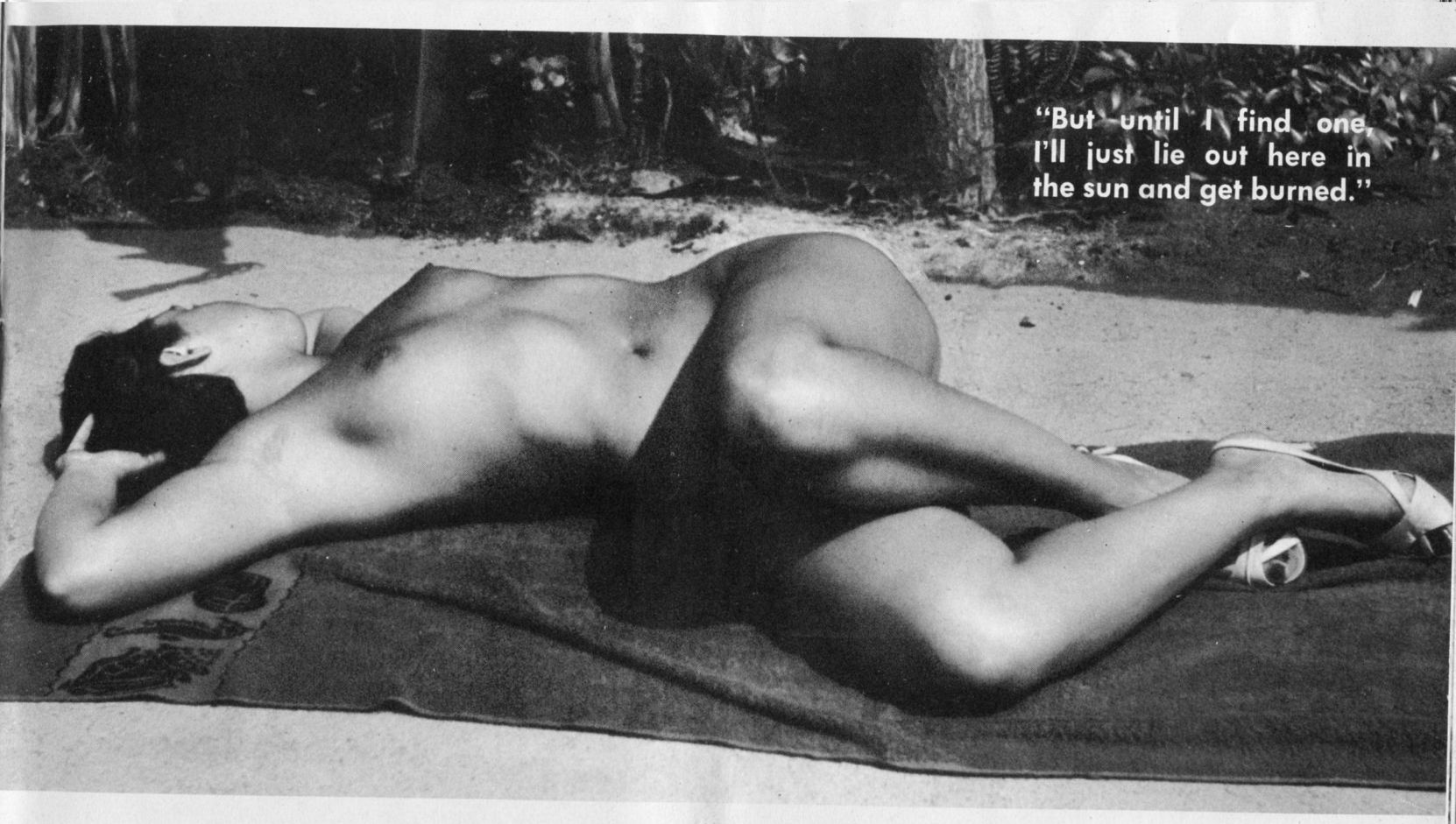
So the next time you see a beard, think upon these feminine reactions – and if you're suffering from a temporary shortage of girls to grace your bachelor apartment on selected nights and weekends, consider the advantages inherent in owning a good beard.

Don't be discouraged by the jealous comments of friends and relatives during the growing process (it takes about ten days to a month to cultivate a really effective beard); just keep in mind the steady stream of lovelies you'll attract like flies to honey once the growth is finished.

Just bear in mind that old AIDA formula, and get ready for plenty of Action! • • •



"I think a man who owns a beard would be a wonderful thing to have around the house."

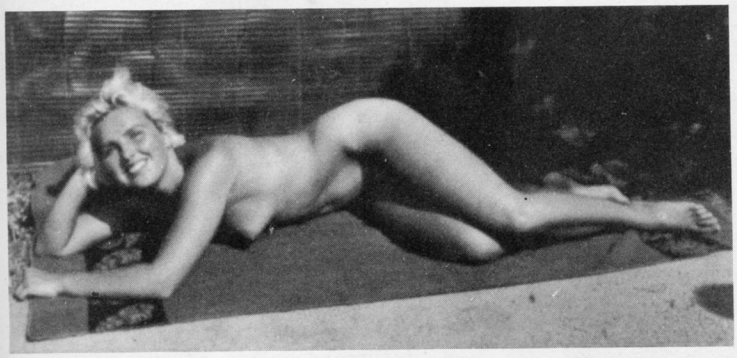


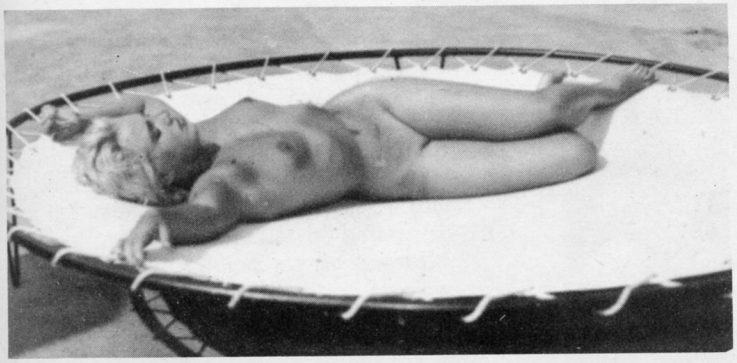
"But until I find one, I'll just lie out here in the sun and get burned."

TWINKLE TWINKLE LITTLE STAR

HOMER AND HIS BRIDE SPENT THEIR HONEYMOON IN SPACE - - - AND MADE A PRETTY PIECE OF CHANGE ON THE SIDE!

By *Sam Jardine*





THE LAUNCHING OF the first manned rocket around the moon was a truly historic event, having far-reaching effects upon not only the everyday life of the average Earthling, but upon some of the more out-of-the-way facets of existence.

Take, for instance, the case of Homer Davidson. Homer was one of the first unsung heroes of space travel — a hero because of what he went through, unsung because he didn't want his name connected with it. Maybe you remember it, if you were among those who were "in the know" at the time.

It happened in 1968, two years after the Flare-Up. The girl involved was Susan Strockheim. If you've ever seen pictures of her you'll remember that she was stacked like a brick pizzaria, in addition to having a face designed to make men forget their wives and sweethearts.

Susan was a nice girl, and if she had known what Homer had in mind

(Continued on next page)

Physical fitness is all-important if a girl wants to live in a space ship.

when he invited her along, she probably wouldn't have gone.

But Susan merely considered Homer a sweet guy with enough money to make up for his faults, and a positive talent in bed.

Of course, Susan had gone to bed with him. After the flare-up in '66, *everybody* was doing it with somebody. Sex, in fact, had become somewhat of a national craze, something like marathon dancing forty years earier.

Which was funny, because in itself, marathon sex is just about as interesting as marathon dancing. The nation soon found out that in order to keep any semblance of interest alive, one had to continually come up with something new, some additional fillip, a continuous parade of novelties with which to titillate the public fancy.

It was the biggest do-it-yourself boom since the invention of the home workshop. Smart businessmen got in on the ground floor with an impressive array of accessories. The world's inventors were called upon to devise more and more clever contrivances. Hardware stores experienced an unprecedented run on pulleys when one enterprising lad began merchandising "an authentic Chinese basket."

Homer Davidson, however, was a man of vision, and realized that although the time-honored methods were proved successes, the world needed something *new*. Something not borrowed from older civilizations.

Which is why he introduced himself to Susan in the first place. But we're getting ahead of our story.

Homer, in his twenty-seven years on this planet, had built an enviable reputation for himself – so much so that during his collegiate years he was known as "Stud" Davidson. To augment his income from the Athletic Department (something known euphemistically as a "football scholarship") he starred in a number of motion pictures – the sort on which you never find screen credits – and in this manner was able to further develop his techniques. It was only natural, then, for Homer to want to go into business for himself upon graduation. At the very least, he wanted a profit-sharing plan for his efforts.

It was space travel, of course, which actually turned the trick. Homer discovered that by pulling a few strings, he could make his hobby into a scientific project, which brings us around to Susan Strockheim.

Susan, as we pointed out earlier, was stacked. She was also long on

experience, an attribute which Homer found quite delightful. After a few preliminary bouts, in which Susan discovered that Homer's claims to amorous prowess weren't merely academic, she consented to become his wife.

Homer immediately proposed that they spend their honeymoon in space, adding that if they did they could make quite a bit of money doing so because one of the universities was looking for a young couple to research the effects of space-living upon married life. Susan, an adventuress at heart, readily agreed.

It was a glorious honeymoon, after the initial shock of high-G blast-off. While floating in orbit between Earth and the moon, Homer and his bride experienced the most heavenly two weeks any couple had ever enjoyed.

There was no gravity, no up, no down – and instead of making the sexual side of life more difficult (as some unimaginative souls had predicted), it greatly facilitated operations. The entire space ship was their connubial couch. Hitherto undreamed-of-positions suddenly became possible and (as both were always eager to try anything new) the happy couple explored them all. Susan balked at first because it was impossible to turn the cabin lights off, but when Homer explained that this was a safety measure and after all, they *were* all alone, a good 250,000 miles away from any other living creature, she overcame her shyness.

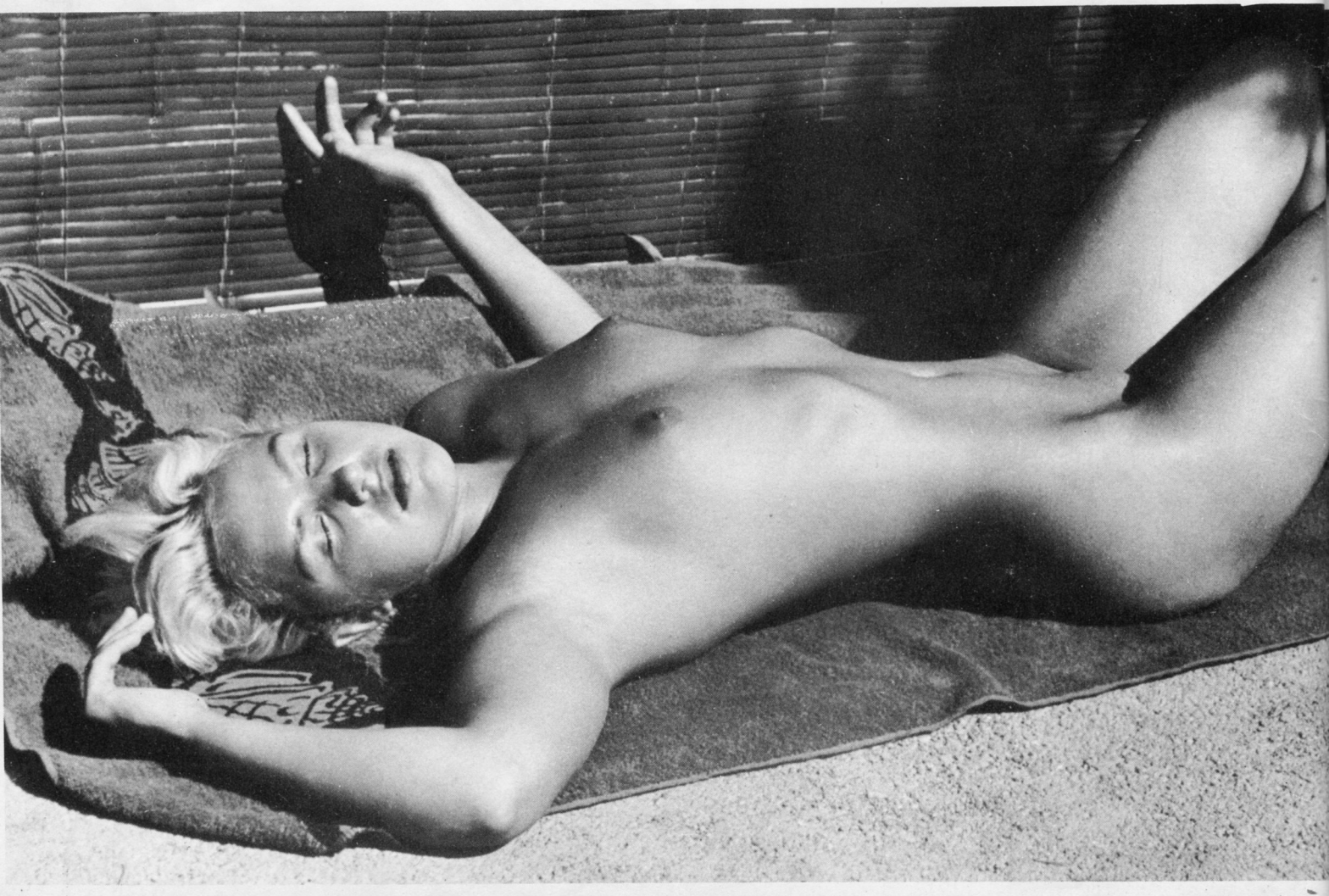
The experiment was a fabulous success. When they landed, each wrote a detailed report of their reactions to spending their first two weeks of marriage in deep space. And the university paid them a handsome sum.

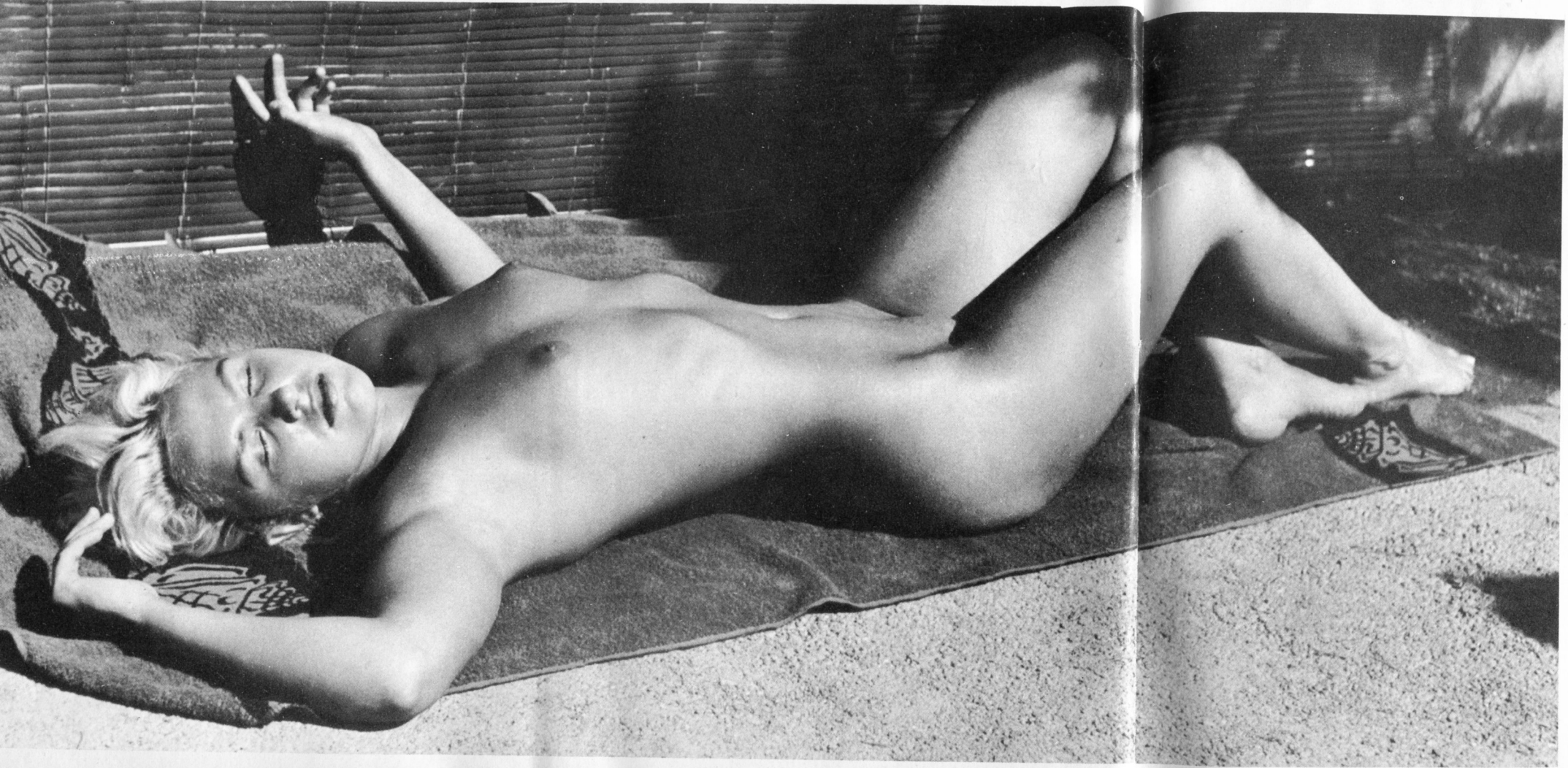
Everything would have been fine between them if one of Susan's friends hadn't been married to a man whose hobby was collecting stag films.

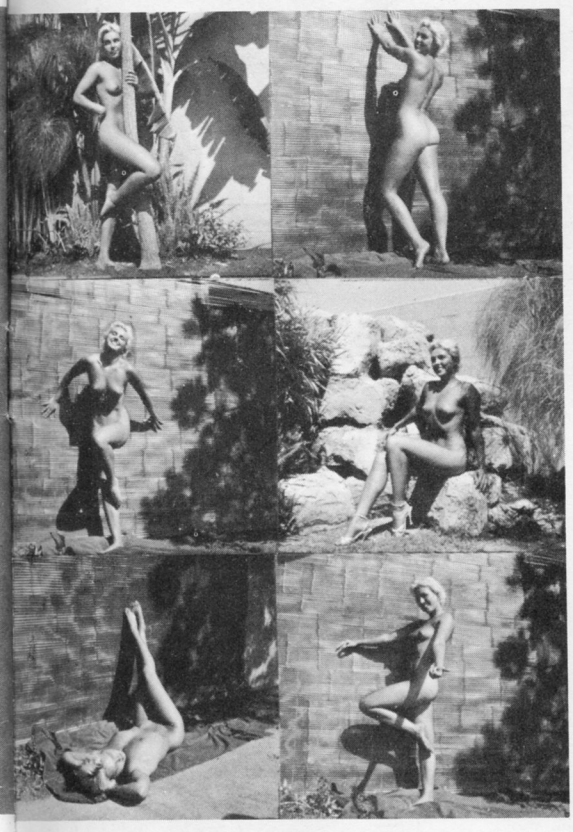
Susan sued for divorce, of course – she couldn't stand the notoriety. Her friend's husband had happened across one of the eight complete films the robot cameras had taken during that historic two weeks.

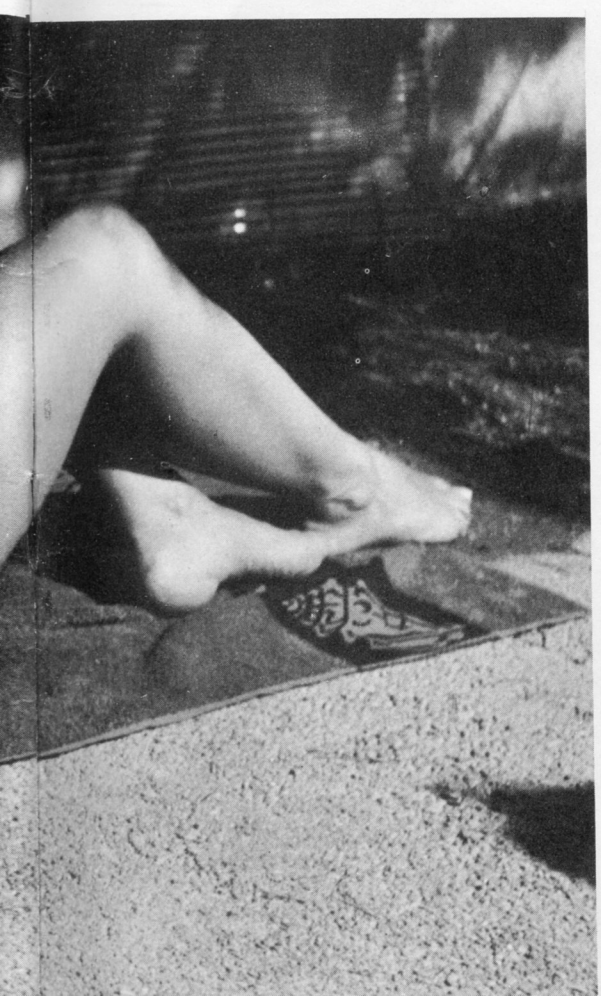
Homer, of course, had known about it from the start. In fact, it was all his idea. The university got one copy of each film for its archives, while Homer took possession of the negatives, which he sold (on a profit-sharing arrangement) to a distributor in Honduras.

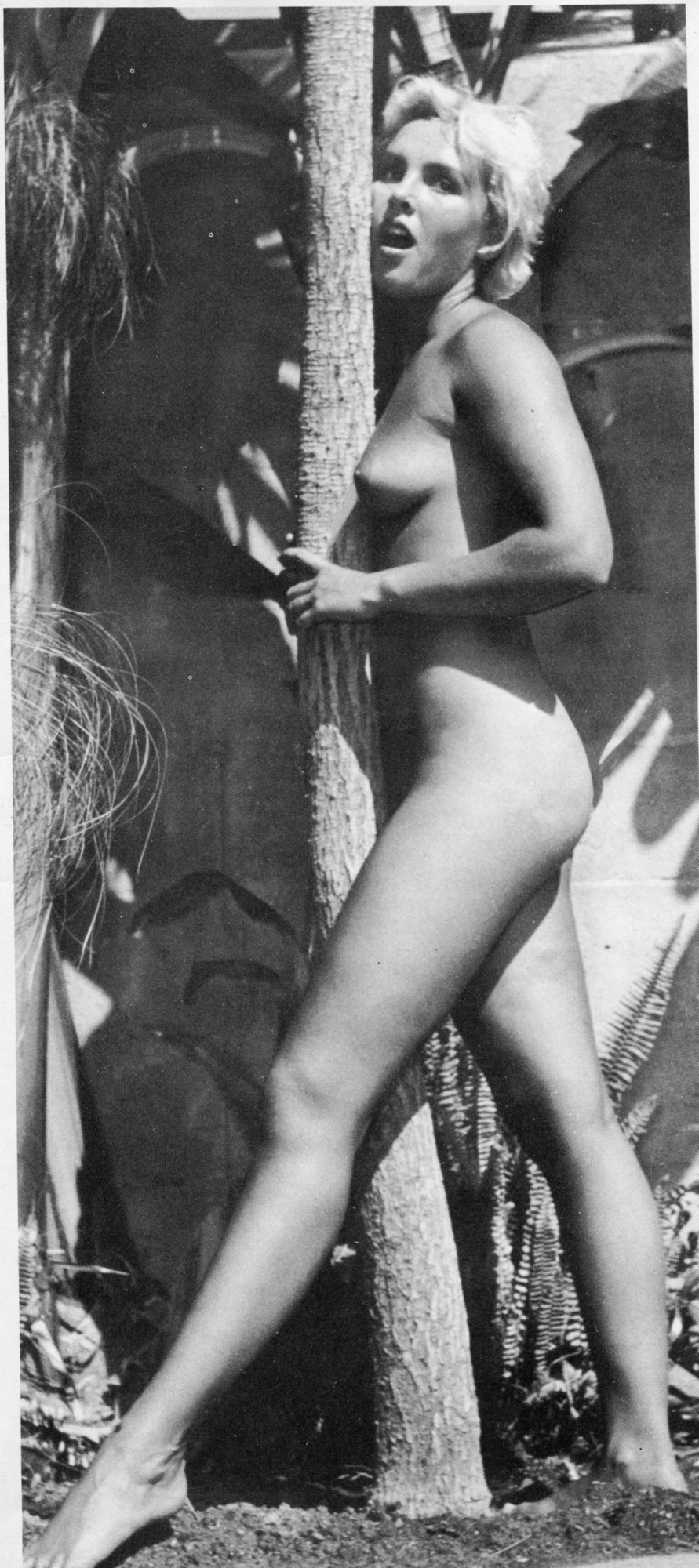
We understand he's still collecting royalties. • • •











All you need is the uniform, the pad and a speaking acquaintance with the "Social Lie" and you're in!

By Selwyn Welles

How to be a BEATNIK

THE BEAT GENERATION is apparently going to be with us for a while, and a number of non-Beats are viewing the movement with interest. One of the reasons for this interest is the reputation Beats have acquired for having a real knack in the sack, if you follow us.

And the Beat chick is supposed to be as free with her favors as anyone can get.

Therefore, it behooves the clean-living young man of today to get with it, like, and acquire a Beatnik broad or two with which to decorate his pad.

The female followers of the Kerouac crew, however, are said to share only the pads of other participants in the "new philosophy," so our All-American boy is immediately faced with a problem.

He can solve this problem only by becoming a Beatnik, which is easier said than done. But in the interests of doing our bit for Humanity, we'll let fall a few hints on how to go about it convincingly.

Rule number one is that you don't necessarily have to share the opinions and attitudes of other Beats. This makes things considerably easier. But don't praise the Capitalistic system to the skies, either, or you will be singled out as a young man who is not quite with it. Don't praise anything to the skies, for that matter, except perhaps Jazz Poetry, which is bad prose read jerkily to a background of bongo drums. It helps if you can discuss the realities of life in a vocabulary composed largely of four letter words—and if you write, please don't punctuate, as skillful use of language brands you immediately as an outsider. Beatnik writing is largely done unconsciously, that is to say the author is unconscious (or nearly so) on account of his indulgence in the beauties of marijuana, espresso coffee and strong Dutch chocolate.

Above all, be creative. Being creative used to be difficult for the average man, as it required talent, but with the new freedom of the Beatniks, talent is no longer necessary. All you need now is guts enough to look at it after it's finished. You don't even need enough talent to know when it's finished, because nobody else will, either.

That's about enough preparation for *being* a Beatnik—but you must also *look like* a Beatnik. This is almost more easily done than said. Step one, of course, is rescuing those old clothes before the Salvation Army truck arrives to pick them up. Forget to shave (a well-kept beard isn't necessary at all), throw away your Wildroot Cream Oil, Charley, sandpaper the gloss from your shoes (steel wool will work in a pinch) and soak them in water for an hour or so—or better, yet, throw them away and pick up some sandals made in Hong Kong.

Now you're ready to make out among the Beats. All you need is the location, the room, the pad. It has to be in Beatville, so journey to the nearest collection of coffee houses and scout the scene. Ask around if anybody knows of a pad you can rent for about ten skins a week—less, if possible. Once you are established in your pad, go back to these espresso palaces and start mingling. Glare at one of the abstract paintings which grace the walls of all of these places and mutter: "Too much technique and not enough meaning."

Murmur dire comments about "The Social Lie" and slowly sip your espresso. Let you jaded eye roam over the sweatshirt-clad dolls who seem to be drifting in and out of the place. When you spot one who looks particularly interesting, look pointedly at her, undress her with your eyes, and once you catch her attention, motion her over.

As she sits down, growl, "I like you, doll. You a model?"

She'll smile disdainfully and say, "Yeah. Sometimes. You an artist?"

Laugh quietly into your demitasse of steaming espresso. "Yeah. Sometimes. Join me?"

"Sure, dad. In what?"

"You name it and I might get it. Like I said, I like you. You're deep."

"You're pretty deep yourself if you can know that much about me already."

"We're on the same merry-go-round. Only the brass ring's made of clay. Have some espresso."

At this point you trip a passing waitress, and relay the order.

Converse gloomily about a number of topics, including perhaps Zen Buddhism, jazz, Madison Avenue's contribution to the downfall of human civilization, etc. After an hour or so of this, lapse into a moody silence and gaze into her eyes.

"Let's cut out and make the scene at my pad. I'd tell you I want to show you some etchings but I don't—what I really want is to go to bed with you."

This simple, direct statement of fact should be delivered with an uncaring shrug, as if it really doesn't matter. Since "maidenly virtue" is part of the Social Lie, and all true Beatniks reject the Social Lie, the time-honored techniques of seduction are not necessary.

Chances are, if you've been convincing in your presentation as one who knows the True Meanings, she'll say yes, and race you to the pad. If she shows any hesitation, suggest that later on you can get a loaf of bread and some wine and you'll have dinner together. If this doesn't do the trick, tell her you'll see her around, and repeat the whole bit with someone else.

But your chances are good that she'll be willing to make the scene with you right now.

Afterwards, you tell her, "It was good. Like, we'll do it again someday. Who do I ask for when I want you?"

She tells you her name.

You tell her yours.

And that, dear children, is roughly what it takes to be a Beatnik and make the scene with a Beatnik chick.

Good hunting! • • •

The Beat chick has
an artistic excuse
for going the
Kerouac
route . . .
STORY & CLARK

TOGETHERNESS *(continued from page 5)*

Graduate courses at Hunter College from ten a.m. to two p.m. and then came straight to our place. The landlord hadn't even raised his eyebrows when I added the name *'Miss Nancy Albright'* to my bell-plate and mail box, bless the blase New Yorkers. Nan would have dinner ready when I got home and we'd spend the evening together.

Thoughts of 'True Love' filled my mind (I prudently kept them to myself) when I thought of Nan, and our non-marriage married life reverted to what I imagined legally married couples shared. Occasionally we went out alone – I with 'the boys' she (she said) with 'the girls'; and we settled down to a less frequent, if not less hectic love life. Two or three times during the week and all day Saturday till party-time or movie-time, and then all day and night Sunday.

Whenever I thought she was steering the conversation to marriage (I might have been wrong) I'd stack some 45's on the hi-fii, taking care that the song "Keep It Gay" was on the bottom and would play and replay till one of us got up and turned it off. I probably was wrong about how she was steering the talk, the way it turned out. But in my secret thoughts the idea didn't seem too bad, my defense was simply automatic.

We had lived together for almost a year when she called the office one Friday and asked me to meet her after work at a building in the fifties, not far from my place of business, room 312, she said.

At five-forty I debarked from the elevator and walked slowly down the hall, stopping literally in my tracks at the gold-lettered door: "Doctor Augustus Swan, Obstetrician," it said.

What power finally moved my lead-heavy feet to and through that door I'll never know.

"Nancy," I asked the nurse-receptionist, hesitantly, "Nancy Albright," uncertainly.

"Yes, Mr. Albright," she answered, "Mrs. Albright is in the examination room. Won't you wait in the doctor's room?"

She led me into a small desk and book-filled cubicle and seated me. I waited nervously until a kindly middle-aged, white-jacketed gentleman jonied me.

"Mr. Albright?" he asked.

Nodding dumbly, I started to rise, but he motioned me back and called through a partly opened door, "Your husband is here, Mrs. Albright."

Nan answered, "I'll be right there, Doctor."

She joined us, and avoiding my eyes, paid and thanked the doctor, then led me out as he admonished, "Now we can't be sure yet, we can just hope. When I can give you guaranteed news I'll call you."

Once again Nan and I were silent for a long time. We ate out, cabbed home, watched TV, and finally went to bed without a word or action passing between us.

The next day was the same.

I was red-eyed, I hadn't slept a wink all night. Thinking, thinking, thinking. I played the hi-fi (taking care to skip my usual playing of "Keep It Gay"), read the papers, leafed through a book and magazine unseeing, trying to reach a decision.

True, our initial ardor had cooled somewhat (we were now averaging two nights a week 'out on our own') and our mid-week love bouts were perfunctory at best, still I owed this beautiful creature, who had become so much a part of my life, something.

Would she consent to an abortion? I wondered. *Would I want her to? Would she have the baby out of wedlock and then be willing to give it up for adoption? Would I want her to? Should I be a MAN (as the mid-Victorian books put it) and marry her to give the baby a name? Could we live happily ever after? Did I want to?*

It never occured to me to ask myself: *Would she want to?*

SATURDAY AT 4 p.m., still plagued with doubts, I answered the insistent ringing of the phone and heard the over-cheerful voice of Dr. Swan: "Mr. Albright?"

I answered with an affirmative grunt.

"Congratulations, Mr. Albright. The rabbit died. You and Mrs. Albright are definitely going to be parents."

"Thank you," I heard myself answering, and put the phone back in its cradle. And sat quietly.

Nan came to the kitchen door. She didn't ask any questions, just looked long and silently at me, then with a heavy sigh she turned back into the kitchen to finish her preparations for our dinner.

Wrestling with my conscience for several minutes longer the Puritan in me finally convinced me that: (1) The only *right* thing to do was marry the girl. (2) Marriage to Nan might be wonderful. (3) Having a child could be fine. None of which the Free Man in me believed. But . . .

Finally, I rose resignedly and went to the kitchen door.

"The Rabbit died," I said.

Nan continued with her work, "I know," she said simply.

Taking a deep breath, I plunged in, "We'll take Monday off. Get the blood tests and take the reports down to City Hall and get the license."

Her head was shaking from side to side.

"Next Saturday morning," I continued, "we'll go back to City Hall and get married."

Her head continued its shaking. She turned and looked at me.

"No," she said, and turned away.

Then all my dormant protectiveness broke through. Moving to her I placed my hands on her shoulders and turned her to face me.

"Monday," I repeated, as if to a child, "tests and license. Saturday, wedding."

"No," she said, her head still shaking.

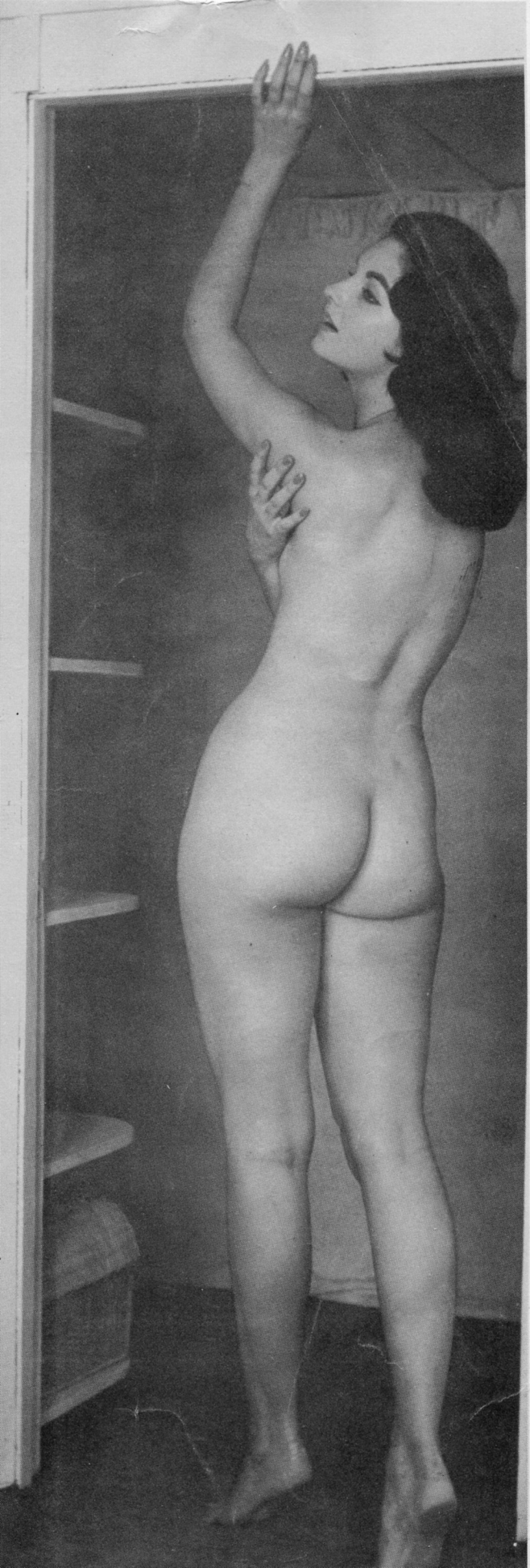
"Nan," I said definitely, feeling the need to explain my delay in speaking this way, "it's not just that I feel I owe it to you, I . . ."

"You don't understand, Mart," she interrupted. "I don't think it's yours!"

The Rabbit died – and so did something else. • • •

the case for the DERRIERE

What with the
emphasis on bosoms,
bottoms no longer
get a fair shake.
Is there no end
to this perfidy?



By Milton Mauler

NOT SINCE THE days of a certain Miss Vicki Dougan has anyone really exploited the dorsal possibilities of beautiful girls. Miss Dougan had such talented posterior attributes that she bequeathed her name to that section of the anatomy.

Unfortunately, she was outnumbered by girls whose talents stuck out in front – and has consequently slipped into oblivion.

Please don't misunderstand us – we're fully in favor of girls being built generously in the bust. But we also like to see a trim, firm stern. And beautiful bottoms are sometimes hard to come by in this age of mammary specialization.

Therefore, it was with a soft sigh of delight that we discovered the accompanying photographs, which, to our mind, show to advantage one of the most beautiful backsides we've ever laid eyes upon.

It is our considered opinion that there are far too few fancy fannies to satisfy the fanny fancier, and it's a serious oversight, for a well-formed fanny can be a joy and a delight to behold. As was pointed out to us recently by a man who really knows whereof he speaks, a plump, well-rounded backside can make a mighty fine appetizer. Please note the word "appetizer" – for that's precisely what the dimpled derriere and the regnant rondure were designed for in the first place. The main course, of course, is the entire woman.

There is possibly no part of the female anatomy that was built to withstand so much punishment as her resplendent rump. These curvaceous cushions must support her weight when sitting down, while also containing some of the most powerful muscles in her body – those used when walking. It is discouraging to realize that most of the women in the world stuff their gluteous globes into constricting contrivances called girdles," "panty girdles" and "foundations," thereby robbing their derrieres of the unfetted grace of a sinuous seat, substituting instead a rock-hard surface of tightly-stretched nylon power-net.

Did you every try to pinch a tight girdle?

There are, of course, some people to whom a bottom is simply something to be spanked – but we'll dismiss these unfortunate souls with a disdainful wave of the hickory stick. Other oddballs adhere singlemindedly to the time-honored tradition of the casual goose, but we contend that there's just as much fun in gandering as in goosing.

It's safer, anyway.

In fact, ogling derrieres is about as safe a pastime as we can think of, as their owners are almost always looking the other way. And following a bouncing bottom along the street has the added healthy advantage of giving you a little exercise. Don't follow too closely, though, or she may call a cop. You'll look pretty silly standing there in court and saying:

"But, Your Honor, I was just looking at her fanny."

You might even be accused of some esoteric sort of perversion for there are people who will interpret almost anything as a perversion.

Imagine the headlines:

NOTORIOUS FANNY-FOLLOWER CONVICTED!

Of course, you might not always be lucky in finding tails worth tailing. There are an amazing number of positively ridiculous rumps in this world. And it's a foolish fellow who follows a funny fanny.

Even worse is discovering that you've been following a phony fanny – and this can happen nowadays, because brassieres aren't the only thing that can contain falsies. We do *not* advise carrying hatpins or thumb tacks to find out, however.

To keep you out of trouble entirely, we are publishing the accompanying photographs as a public service to fanny fanciers. If you get around to it, you'll also notice that the young lady's face is beautiful, too.

There's only one thing more thrilling to the man who loves to ogle a fabulous fanny – and that's to acquire at least part interest in one himself. The rest of the girl comes along with it, of course, but that shouldn't be hard to take at all. • • •

THE ART OF KISSING ● TOGETHERNESS ● HOW TO BE A BEATNIK ● TWINKLE TWINKLE LITTLE STAR ● WHY AMERICAN MEN PREFER FRENCH WOMEN ● THE BEACH HOUSE ● CLEAR TRACK TO CLOUD 9 ● EENY MEENY MINEY MOE ● ● THE CASE FOR THE DERRIERE ● ONE AT A TIME, PLEASE ● SO HOW DO MINKS GET MINKS? ● STRICTLY PERSONAL

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